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Looking Forward

ONE OF THE many interesting things disclosed by the last election was the fact that the majority of the people of this country (presumably) voted dry, while by far the greater number of newspapers and journals, of both parties, were actually anti-prohibition.

LEAVING ASIDE the self-evident fact that because a paper was anti-prohibition did not necessarily mean that it was "wet," but—as was the case with this journal—was simply desirous of a more practical method of achieving temperance, it is now fairly clear that most newspapers took the position they did because they were confronted by facts which citizens generally did not realize because these facts were not so plainly thrust upon them.

"THE NEW UNDERWORLD," which we print in this issue, is a case in point. The facts in it have gradually become part of the day by day consciousness of newspapermen and police commissioners everywhere. They constitute one of the reasons why great metropolitan papers have been unable to view our present liquor situation as an unmixed blessing. And yet we doubt that the average citizen is familiar with them or, if he knows of them in a general way, that he has stopped to consider their significance.

IN THE present instance, however, we publish the article not for its bearing on prohibition, but in order to make clear the new conditions with which our police forces must deal in suppressing lawlessness and crime.

OBVIOUSLY, you must first catch your criminal before you can deal with him. And any thorough-going effort to better conditions must begin with the application of modern methods to the new underworld.

Francis Rufus Bellamy

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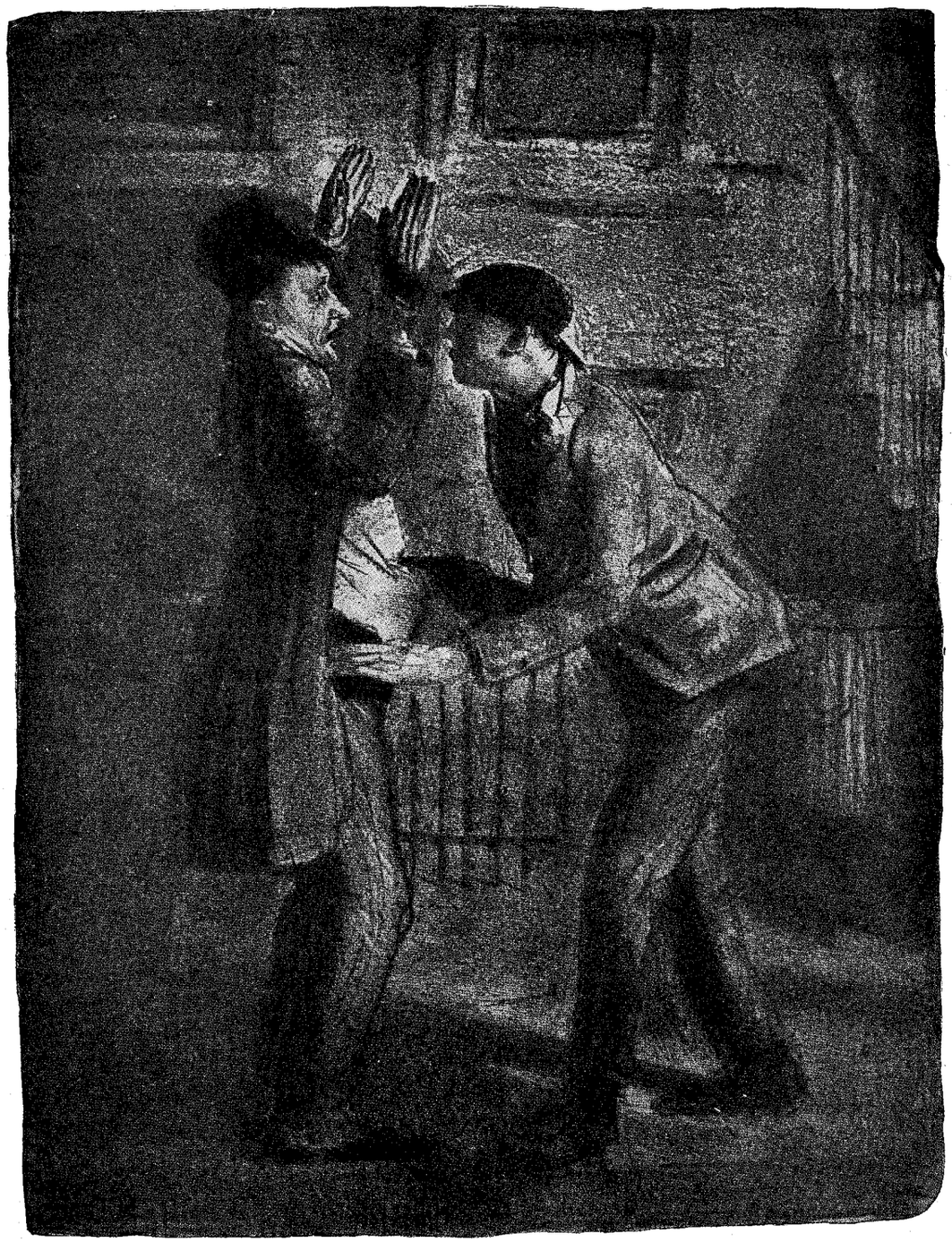

"THE HOLD-UP"
A Lithograph by George Bellows

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Outlook

and Independent

March 20, 1929

The New Underworld

By JACK GREY

In the years that have followed prohibition, crime has entered a gaudier phase; nor is it possible to say that the peak of activity is in sight. This discussion of the new conditions, with its important reference to police methods, is the work of a man long familiar with the underworld and what he calls its "fancy thinkers"

EVERY evening the sporting extras and the pink sheets blazon before us the accounts of new hold-ups, of jewel robberies, of safe crackings, of machine-gun battles between enemy detachments of aggrandized thugs. Crimes grow in number and they take on a new cast. They even have a distinct touch of modernity about them, as witness the recent Chicago massacre.

Once outbursts of crime were sporadic. Robberies would follow one another in quick succession and then outlawry would subside. So familiar was this phenomenon that some one, with a curiously enfeebled imagination, invented the term "crime wave." It stuck because it was accurate. The phrase still fills the newspaper columns but overuse has made it meaningless. Crime no longer moves in spaced intervals; it is as steady and repetitious as noon. Sensational hold-ups are as much a routine part of the day's production as the rise and fall of stocks. Furthermore, as the outrages grow in number, important arrests and convictions decrease.

There was a day when a spectacular crime was almost inevitably followed by police round-ups and ultimate prison terms. Today police still stage their round-ups, but the results are not the same. The headline "Police Baffled by Daylight Crime" has become so increasingly common that most of us know it by heart, and there is nothing local about the situation; in Chicago, Detroit, St. Louis, San Francisco, New York, in all the great cities, it is the same: the power of the police seems impotent to cope with the crook.

Let us make no mistake about it, either. Charges of police dishonesty and indifference do not get to the heart of the matter. Reform city governments have not shown appreciably better results than their predecessors. Police shake-ups, spectacular drives to "clean up the town," have no further effect than a temporary lulling of public apprehension and a soothing of political unrest. Wholesale arrests do not curb crime unless you get the criminals. And the situation seems to be getting worse, not better.

Perhaps the most publicized, the most recent proof of the truth of this is to be found in the career of Grover Whalen, New York's new Commissioner of Police. Mr. Whalen has been very active since he took office; he has made the pavements smoke with the rushings-about of his motorcycle men; he has swung the axe on side-door speakeasies. He has talked in ringing phrases (in the newspapers) about his crusade against the criminals. He has revived the third degree to social respectability and promised no quarter to those who break the law.

MR. WHALEN took office December 24. Between that time and January 7 he kept the newspapers in a furore with a series of lurid and dramatic raids. In all he arrested 672 men as "dangerous crooks" and placed them behind bars in the Tombs. Yet forty-eight hours after Commissioner Whalen had spread his "drag net," there occurred on Park Avenue a daring, daylight hold-up. Jewels valued at $200,000 were filched from an exclusive, carefully guarded shop. Mr. Whalen had missed its perpetrators. And the frequent pay-roll jobs since that time are ample evidence that he has missed many more, that he has caught not even the fringe of the gangs. Mr. Whalen continues his round-ups, but the aristocrats of the underworld, the fancy thinkers of crime, laugh at his antics and proceed with their game.

The truth is that Mr. Whalen's round-up would have been an achievement indeed if those arrested had been big-time crooks. But they weren't. Ninety-nine per cent of those hauled into jail were plain bums and vagrants, loafers and drunks, petty-larceny offenders and doormat thieves. There was not one first-rate safe cracker in the contingent. not one hold-up man, bank robber, pay-roll bandit, jewel thief, confidence worker. Within ten days or two weeks practically every one of the 672 "suspects" was walking the streets again. The public heard nothing about that.

What the detectives of New York do not realize, what the detectives of Chicago and Denver and Dubuque do not realize, is that police methods of 1910 are as dead as Houdini. They are popping at Goliaths with slingshots and praying for luck with the rest. For things have changed. There is today a New Underworld to face, and it is an underworld with new laws and tradi-

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tions, new customs, new habits, new men. Prohibition killed the old conditions and created the new. Whatever its economic benefit, whatever evils it checked, no reasoning person can deny that it fathered a revolution in crime. In the first place, it offered big profits to those who would joust with the law and recruited to the ranks of the bootlegger the criminal class of the country. Second, it created a fresh tolerance for law-breaking. Who could look at his bootlegger as a serious offender when he supplied him with his drinks? Through prohibition, thus, the criminal won a contact with respectability that could never have been his under the old order. Prohibition developed a new type of crook. It brought a new type of "moll" into the underworld. It created new and luxurious standards of living for those who live by their wits. It opened new sources of information. And, because it razed the old hide-out and obliterated the old landmarks, it has made pursuit and apprehension the hardest kind of police work.

ONE HAS ONLY to pause a moment and consider the number of unsolved robberies and crimes which have collected on police blotters during the clamorous years since 1919 to realize that the police have been helpless to stem the plague of violence. Recall the Louise Lawson and Dot King cases. Ponder a little over the recent and unsavory killing of Rothstein, the gambler. It is significant that these murders—so much to the point here—still remain unsolved.

Meanwhile let me give you contrasted pictures of the old and new underworlds so that you will understand how the medium of the criminal has changed.

In the old days there was a definite geography of crime. Chicago, New York, Philadelphia, Boston, St. Louis, Los Angeles, all big cities had their underworld zones and underworld joints, where crooks gathered in rooming houses and saloons. In Chicago, for example, there were two barrooms operated by brothers, Illinois Jimmy and Illinois Tom. One place was the headquarters for safe crackers; the other was a hang-out for pickpockets. The underworld, you see, had its social distinctions. The safe cracker did not associate with the "dip," because the latter was inferior to him as the pick-and-shovel man in the industrial scheme is inferior to the skilled mechanic. Every type of crook had a place where he met his kind. There was a saloon for the gangster killers, a saloon for the blackmailers, one for the stick-up artists, one for the confidence men.

And in those definitely placed dives, they had their social life. They brought their women—their molls—with them, and they boasted there of the clean-ups and planned their next strategy. Often they gathered there for a farewell drink before they set out on the evening's work. Only the police and the crooks themselves will ever know what an advantage the known geography of the crime world gave to the manhunters of the law. Criminals, egocentric and vain, are notoriously gabby under the influence of liquor. They talk too much and drink too much.

Acme

ARNOLD ROTHSTEIN

New York gambler, whose death is still an unsolved mystery

It was there that the police had their break. They knew where the safe crackers gathered, they knew where the loft-men met. Sometimes the bartenders were ex-crooks, but often, too, they were stool pigeons and police spies. They kept their mouths shut and their ears open. If some one "blew a box" in a bank, police knew where the safe-men would be found. Their spies did the rest. When the time came for an arrest, they knew they had their man. And they could convict him. Mysterious and unsolved robberies were few and far between in the old days.

For many years prior to prohibition, Baltimore was the headquarters for safe crackers operating in Virginia, Delaware, the District of Columbia and Maryland. There were three places where they congregated—places rather picturesquely known as Mother McCardell's, Pug Nose Whitey's and Toledo Nell's. If a lone-wolf cracksman arrived in town and wanted to meet other members of his fraternity, he visited one of those hang-outs. The police of Baltimore knew all about the various headquarters, but they let them operate untroubled unless the necessity for action arose. One day a Post Office inspector from Washington called on Baltimore's chief of detectives. He told him that he had reason to believe that a gang of Post Office burglars, who had been operating widely in Maryland and Virginia, were at the moment making Baltimore their headquarters. The inspector produced a list of the men he wanted. There were nine: Boston Fatty, Boston Jimmy, Burlington Fatty, Portland Ned, Pa Tommy, Ohio Hump, Lowell Red, Connecticut Shorty and Roman Catholic Mike. He said he had the evidence to make them all do time. The chief called in his expert on safe crackers, Detective Tom O'Connell, and handed him the names. Did O'Connell know them? He knew every one. Investigators of today might learn a lesson from the way the detective handled his case.

First of all, he assigned a stool pigeon to every rendezvous. Within a short time, a few hours, he learned the nine men were at Mother McCardell's. Now O'Connell carefully considered his course. He didn't want the word to go around in the underworld that the Baltimore police had spotted Mother McCardell's as a cracksman's hang-out. That would prevent future surveillance. But he knew his men and, with his associates, he hid in the neighborhood until the suspects left the saloon. They came out in pairs and as each slipped away he was trailed. Blocks away all were arrested, and not one ever knew that his presence at Mother McCardell's had given detectives the tip-off.

NOTHING LIKE the Baltimore raid could occur there or in any other American city today. Police do not know where the crooks are congregating. That is why "spectacular round-ups" have a farcical aspect. The officers can find the petty thieves and the drug addicts, but they hunt in the dark when they seek the "big shots," the men who plan and carry out the wholesale, accurately planned affairs. Commissioner Whalen has said that he knows 996 places in New York that harbor criminals and that he intends to drive them all out of business. It seems a state-

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ment of doubtful authority, that he knows so many dives, but even if he does, a move to shut them all down would appear to a man who knows his underworld to be the most stupid and inefficient move the head of a great police department could make. Isn't it better to have the criminals where you can get at them? That was the theory under which the police of other days, realistically minded men, worked. They recognized the gang hang-outs as invaluable assets in the business of crime detection. As a matter of fact, they were the foundation of all police methods. There was less of the Sherlock Holmes technique than even the cynically minded imagine. Deduction and induction were and are bosh. The methods grew up about the gregarious habits of criminals, and were founded upon watchfulness, supervision of dives and the stool-pigeon system.

All those memorable places where the fancy thinkers made merry within the shadow of prison walls have disappeared, and the crooks themselves have vanished into hidden places where only the man who knows his way about in their own dark world can find his way.

The new underworld, as a result of prohibition, is here, there, everywhere. The criminal, for all you know, may be your next-door neighbor, or he may be living in that nice house across the street. Prohibition has ended the definite underworld zone in the great cities. The crooks have outgrown it and they are no longer under the watchful eye of the police. They are, I repeat, scattered all through the metropolitan areas, thriving in security and privacy. They may be found even in Park Avenue, New York, and Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, for today the successful marauders do their drinking, their carousing, in their own apartments. Occasionally you may sight them in one of the gaudier night clubs —but in the hole-in-the-wall speakeasies, never.

IT IS WORTH WHILE, then, to discover how all this affects the business of crime detection. Let's take a specific present-day case and see what might have occurred under the old order. Every one remembers the $2,000,000 mail robbery perpetrated in New York five years ago by Gerald Chapman, Dutch Anderson and William Lorber. It was a masterful stroke, a sample of twisted genius, and both local and Federal investigators were baffled. They had nowhere to turn for clues. Two months passed, three months. Six months after the robbery I talked with a Central Office man who said:

"We used to know where to look for these hold-up guys, but now they're needles in a haystack since the old joints disappeared."

A year elapsed, and the hunt stretched all over the world, but there was no trace of Chapman and Anderson. Later they were caught by a stroke of luck and then it was discovered that during the intensive search they had been living only a few miles away from the scene of the crime, in a luxurious apart-

Underwood

GERALD CHAPMAN

Whose $2,000,000 mail robbery baffled the investigators for over a year

ment in the Gramercy Park section of Manhattan. Apparently they were as secure from detection there as though they had fled thousands of miles.

A different story would have been told, I believe, if the mail robbery had occurred in the days when Chi Tom and Billy Barton and Skid Sanders were running their hangouts. They catered exclusively to big timers like Chapman and Anderson. No out-of-town criminal ever visited New York without calling on Tom or Billy or Skid. And no crook ever stuck his head in the door, that the information didn't go straight to Jimmy McCafferty, chief of detectives, at his mahogany desk at Police Headquarters. McCafferty was another realistic thinker. He knew his business was catching crooks and that his reputation depended on his ability to locate them. So, when new arrivals in town were reported, no detectives were sent to get them. McCafferty simply filed the information. Then, if a safe robbery or a big mail job occurred, he went looking for the visitors. If they had suddenly left town, it was easy to put two and two together. An alarm went out immediately over the country with the names of the suspects appended.

CITIES STAYED moderately clear of big crime in those days. The surveillance of the underworld was too close in the cities, and crooks chose the side of caution. They operated in the rural districts and then came to town to spend their loot. There have been times in New York when twenty-five or thirty of the best cracksmen of the country spent intervals of months at Tom's and Billy's and Skid's, and yet not a "blown box" was reported there.

Toledo, Ohio, once had a reputation for being one of the cleanest cities in the country. I use "clean" in the underworld sense, that is, free from crime. And yet for two decades or more it was the rendezvous for hold-up men who operated through all the Middle West. Now, it may be that Toledo owed a duty to the rest of the country, a duty that was not fulfilled. But the fact remained that it was one city that had no troubles of its own. There was an unwritten law among the criminals that no jobs were to be pulled within its confines. Crooks knew detectives, detectives knew crooks, and down at Billy Donovan's and Curley O'Brien's the boys continued to rest from their outside labors and exhibit their gratitude. It was live and let live, and for twenty years Toledo was as free of crime as an old lady's home.

Then one day the city installed a new Police Commissioner, an ex-army officer who had heard that the town was a haven for the gentlemen who slept all day and worked all night. He called in his chief of detectives to learn why he permitted well-known criminals to remain.

"We never bother them," the chief replied, "because they never bother us."

"Out with them. Clean up the city," said the Commissioner.

The chief was demoted and the police drive began. There was retaliation. Safes began to explode like firecrackers on the Fourth. Hold-ups became as common as measles. Cops shot crooks and crooks shot cops. Today Toledo is no longer immune.

Such hospitality for the criminal as was evidenced there has, of course, no bearing on the question as a whole. But driving criminals out of one town and

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into another accomplishes nothing toward real solution of the problem. And it does deal a death blow to the stool-pigeon system.

When prohibition gave the criminal a contact with the wealthy and new sources of information, it remedied his greatest weakness—an ignorance of where the big loot lay. The contacts themselves were a natural outgrowth of an unpopular law. Pick-pockets, burglars of all kinds, gangsters, gamblers and hold-up men switched to the booze racket as soon as they found they could make fortunes without jeopardizing their liberty. And they found that they had for their customers bankers and brokers, business men of different degree, clerks, actresses and Park Avenue matrons. None of these people, of course, was concerned about the character of their bootlegger. They were concerned only with the quality of his goods. He had entrée to their houses and to their stores; he might even stay for a drink.

In time the criminal made female friends of his own among his customers. He dropped his underworld women. They had been "moll buzzers," female pick-pockets, shop lifters, badger-game workers and blackmailers. His new friends were different; they talked another language. The new world of respectability fascinated him. It was not hard to make engagements with manicurists and stenographers and clerks and chorus girls when he sold liquor to their bosses and friends. And sometimes he touched even a higher social stratum. Throughout his great transformation, the bootlegger maintained his connections with his male companions of the underworld. Indeed he introduced them to his new-found friends. And therein lies the history of many present-day crimes.

I have in mind two cases, both gigantic robberies, which will illustrate how the crook of the new underworld is operating and how he is able to learn what he is going to get before he goes out to get it.

The first concerns "Dayton Danny," a safe cracker who got his start in the bootlegging business by cleaning out a distillery in Maryland. He was an extremely good-looking Irishman, who had educated himself by extensive reading while serving prison terms. He knew and appreciated music and could talk Beethoven, Bach and Wagner with surprising understanding. Danny made his headquarters in Baltimore and after a somewhat modest start in bootlegging he established dealings with a banker who financed him in the purchase of several vessels with which he ran liquor from the Bahamas.

Through his ally, who had no knowledge of his criminal antecedents, Danny Dayton met many prominent citizens of the city. He was certified to them as the banker's partner in various promotions, and only to the two of them was his rum-running enterprise known. One night he played host at a party. Present was the daughter of a jeweller, and after a few rounds of drinks had been served she began volubly to discuss a well-known Baltimore woman who that

Underwood

GROVER WHALEN
New York's new Commissioner of Police

day had purchased a diamond lavalliere from her father's store. Another woman joined the conversation. Yes, she had seen Mrs. Todd's lavalliere. How many lovely things she owned, she and her husband! There were, for instance, his paintings—Monets, a Gainsborough, a Whistler, an Israel, a half-dozen other well-known names. Dayton Danny listened attentively, smiling and courteous. He bade his guests a most gentlemanly good-night.

Next day he sent for Skinny Freeman, one of the cleverest house burglars who ever went up a rain spout. He turned over his information. A night or two later, Freeman and a pal looted the Todd home of its pictures and its jewels. The haul was valued at $300,000.

The police, of course, were baffled. They said it was an inside job and for weeks they harried and pounded away at the Todd servants, trying, vainly, to make them tell what they did with the swag. Time passed. Dayton Danny settled down to the cultured life. He married a charming Baltimore girl from among his new friends. The news of his marriage reached the underworld and then, abruptly, there came checkmate. The "moll" he had discarded when he essayed society via the prohibition route suddenly appeared at his home and interviewed the bride. She retailed the story of Dayton Danny's past and told in particular about a little shooting affair in Michigan where he had killed a policeman. Dayton Danny is now serving a life sentence in a Michigan State prison.

The second famous case concerns the wife of an up-state New York power millionaire. During a visit to New York, she made the acquaintance of a young man, a café gigolo. She liked him. She liked his looks and his youth. Ultimately she hired him as a dancing companion and escort for her excursions along Broadway after dark.

It was one night when he took her to a dancing club owned by a former crook that the underworld sighted her. She was wearing jewels worth $40,000 at the time. Over in a corner the club bootlegger, also an ex-crook, saw her enter. He made inquiries. When the wife of the millionaire left the club that night with her escort, she was trailed by two well-known racketeers. They saw her enter the Ritz, trailed the escort to his apartment and then scurried back to report the lay of the land.

A friend of the gigolo was now drawn into the conspiracy. He said that blackmail was out of the question, since the woman's husband knew of her Broadway exploits. Robbery was the only alternative, and it would have to be done without the aid of the gigolo "because he'll never stand for the job."

A fortnight later the trap was laid. Three crooks rented the apartment below the one occupied by the gigolo. New Year's Eve came and the latter gave a party in his patroness's honor. The friend, now an accomplice of the criminals, attended. Down below the wolves waited. At nine o'clock the friend reported that the millionaire's wife was present and literally covered with jewels. The waiting men grew impatient. At eleven o'clock one of them was bold enough to crash the party. He wanted to be sure the diamonds weren't paste. Breaking into the

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"Prague!—Wilson Station!"

By T. R. YBARRA

PRAGUE, CZECHOSLOVAKIA.

YOUR train steams into one of the two principal stations in the capital of Czechoslovakia and your ears are greeted by the words: *"Praha! Wilsonovo!"*

Which means "Prague, Wilson Station!" For this is the land to which American admirers of Woodrow Wilson who feel that he is not sufficiently honored in his own country should repair without delay.

They will find it a pro-Wilson land after their own hearts. Emerging from the Wilson Station, they will be confronted, as they reach the street, by a statue to America's war-time President. And the taxi driver who takes them to their hotel will tell them, if he speaks English, that he knows all about Woodrow Wilson and the land of democracy which gave him birth. For Prague is the center of the Czechoslovakian Wilson-cult, and Czechoslovakia, more than any other nation in Europe, does honor to the American apostle of the doctrine of "self-determination" upon which her independence was founded.

Ten years have elapsed since Czechoslovakia, under Wilson's wing, joined the company of independent nations—and ten years is a long time for a man's fame to endure in this world of discord and change! But Woodrow Wilson's glory is undimmed in this little land and it will doubtless remain as bright for many years to come.

There are two main reasons on which to base this prophecy. First, the Czechoslovakian veneration for Wilson is founded on a concrete thing, something belonging to the past, which the future cannot impair; he was instrumental in giving them freedom from Austro-Hungarian rule. His popularity in Czechoslovakia is akin to that of Lafayette and Rochambeau in the United States. One can imagine another World War in which Czechoslovakia, by some freak of international alliance, might be lined up against America, but it is hardly conceivable that Czechoslovak mobs, as a result of this turn of Fate's wheel, should tear down the statue of Wilson in Prague, change the name of the Wilson Railway Station there and obliterate the name of Wilson from a score of street signs in Czechoslovakian towns where it is now blazoned forth in high honor.

The second reason for assuming a high degree of durability for the Czechoslovakian Wilson-cult is the fact that Thomas Garrigue Masaryk is President of Czechoslovakia—as he has been ever since the creation of the country in 1918 and will be for some years to come, since he was re-elected recently for a further term of seven years.

MASARYK was in America during the War, zealously championing his country's cause. He talked eloquently with Wilson about it; he won Wilson over to unreserved sharing of his point of view; he had the satisfaction of seeing Wilson include Czechoslovakian independence in his list of America's war aims; and he never ceases to impress his fellow countrymen with the fact that, had it not been for Woodrow Wilson, they might have obtained from the War not freedom but merely some form of autonomy within a reconstituted Austria-Hungary. Since Masaryk is the national hero of Czechoslovakia and whatever he says is sure of sympathetic hearing among the great mass of the Czechoslovaks, it stands to reason that his estimate of Wilson's service to Czechoslovakia will be accepted by most of them—even assuming that their own attitude toward the late American President should show signs of getting unfriendlier, which has not been the case during the first decade of Czechoslovakia's history as an independent republic.

President Masaryk wrote in his "The Making of a State:" "German and Austrian writers, military as well as political, agree that President Wilson's answer on October 18 (1918) to Austria's offer of peace, sealed her fate and settled likewise the question of our freedom." Up to that time Wilson had been rather inclined to the view that Austria-Hungary might be allowed to survive the War, after being freed of the Hapsburgs, and that Czechoslovakia might become some sort of autonomous state with far more freedom than she had enjoyed under Hapsburg rule, but, nevertheless, with far less than Masaryk and his co-workers desired.

Masaryk promptly undertook to change Wilson's mind. In October, 1918, he issued the Czechoslovakian Declaration of Independence—before Wilson had answered the Austrian peace offer—and he couched it, as he has himself recounted, "in a form calculated to remind the Americans of their own Declaration of Independence."

This astute move soon bore fruit. "The Declaration was a great success," wrote Masaryk, "not only in the press and with public opinion but in government circles and especially at the White House. President Wilson wrote me that the Declaration had moved him deeply, as we should see from his reply to Austria-Hungary . . . . In it President Wilson stated emphatically that the United States had changed its views of Austria-Hungary and of the relationship between Austria-Hungary and America, a change indicated by the recognition of the Czechoslovak National Council as the *de facto* government of the Czechoslovak Nation. Likewise the United States recognized the national aims of the Jugoslavs.

"Our people at home recognized spontaneously and well the significance of Wilson's stand against Austria. The buildings, streets, squares and institutions which have been named after him throughout Czechoslovakia are a visible proof of our gratitude."

Masaryk sums up his own estimate of Wilson thus:

"Wilson was and remains one of the greatest pioneers of modern democracy. In his very first political campaign for the governorship of New Jersey he proclaimed his belief and faith in the people as the basis of democracy, in opposition to aristocracy and monarchism. Nations are regenerated from below, not from above; and monarchism and aristocracy lead always and everywhere to decline."

SO, IN the Czechoslovak republic founded on the ruins of an Austria-Hungary which was monarchism and aristocracy incarnate, President Masaryk keeps alive the cult of the American brand of democracy and of Woodrow Wilson, whom he considers one of its leading exponents. Hence there is good reason to believe that for many years to come the American visitor to the capital of Czechoslovakia, as he alights from his train, will hear the loud cry: "Prague!—Wilson Station!"

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Life and Religion

By HARVEY O'HIGGINS

This confession of unorthodox faith was written and in our possession a few weeks before the author's regretted death, which occurred less than a month ago. It is, so far as we know, his last work. Excerpts from it were read at the funeral

SAID the editor of the Outlook and Independent: "Tell me. You've probably thought a lot about religion. Where have you arrived?"

And I could not answer him. I replied, of course; I talked volubly. But I did not answer. Because I know I have arrived, really, nowhere. Just nowhere.

All the attempted thinking that I have done about religion seems to have merely torn away, from the mystery of life, the painted veils behind which we hide that mystery from us. Man, alone in the desert of a vast and unknowable awesomeness, has hung himself around with cozy explanations within which he may live unterrified. Now, for more than half a lifetime, I have been fumbling my way with impatient curiosity through these lovely illusions, and I come out, at last, on a sublimity of ignorance more uplifting than faith and as bottomless as despair. I have arrived nowhere. I am back where primitive man was when he began to invent his first religion. And I cannot invent one.

Here I sit at a writing desk, in a warm study, with a wood-fire purring in the fireplace and the winter night frozen in silence outside my windows. If I turn my head, I can see the stars shining in the bare sky. Where am I? Mystery! What am I? Mystery! What are the desk, the fire, the room? More mysteries!

I recall the saying of a famous scientist that with all our telescopes and microscopes and new tools of knowledge, man is still as ignorant of his universe as a fly on the ceiling of a closed room. And the simile fascinates me. I imagine the universe as such a room, with the sun as a huge hanging lamp in it and the stars as lights in the immense ceiling. I imagine myself, not a microscopic germ of life on a little library globe in such a room, but the proprietor of the whole apartment, able to walk up and down in it, safely at home. It is a room floating in space, with endless depths of space under the floor, above the ceiling, beyond the walls. I ask myself: "Where has this miraculous room come from?" And I have to reply: "Apparently out of empty space—from nowhere." I ask: "What has produced it?" And I can only reply: "The emptiness of space—nothing." I go to the closed window, open the shutters, look out at space and ask myself: "But where *am* I? Where *is* this? *Where* is space?" And the bottom falls out of everything.

There are no words to express the feeling. Dizzy with a physical vertigo, I am glad to find myself back at my desk, staring at the fire, watching its furtive flames leaping up, dying down.

I ask myself: "What is that fire?" Well, I was taught at college that the flame was burning gas, released from the carbon of the wood by the action of heat. The carbon was an element, an indestructible and basic element, made up of atoms of carbon which were indivisible. And the hydrogen gas was an element, made up of atoms of hydrogen, which were also indivisible. Both carbon and hydrogen were "matter." The carbon, particularly, was something which you could rest your mind on. It was, so to speak, a hard and solid bit of realizable substance on which you could depend. It had been made up into a desk for me, a chair, tables, books, floors, walls and ceiling, in collaboration with other elements in various organic and inorganic compounds. Even the hydrogen was not wholly impalpable, because two atoms of hydrogen could be united with an atom of oxygen to make a molecule of water, and you could drink a glassful of those molecules and smack your lips over them. Heat and force and electricity and life might be more or less mysterious, but matter was something you could rap your knuckles on, or get your teeth into, or refresh your tongue with. You could lie back comfortably on matter and say: "To the devil with mystery. I'm a materialist."

BUT NOW the bottom has fallen out of matter. The atom of hydrogen is no longer an indivisible atom of hydrogen. It is "a unit of negative electricity, called an electron, revolving around a nucleus of positive electricity, called a proton. In an atom of hydrogen there is one electron, in an atom of helium two, in an atom of lithium three. The addition of further electrons gives rise to the atoms of all the other elements." Even to the atom of carbon, that is. "The properties and qualities of the different elements depend on the number and arrangement of the particles of negative electricity (electrons) and of positive particles (protons) contained in the atoms of the various elements," and "all elements, though they have different chemical qualities, are built up out of the same material."

THAT IS, the gas going up my chimney, here, is made up of units of negative electricity revolving around nuclei of positive electricity. And so is the carbon that goes up in the form of smoke. And so is the wood that is smoking. And so is the desk on which I rest my elbow, the chair that I sit on, the pencil with which I write, and the hand that holds the pencil. Physically, I am an organized composition of positive and negative particles of electricity, sitting on another assembly of such particles, in a room whose furniture and walls and floor and ceiling are equally immaterial. I and the desk and the room and the bricks of the fireplace are no more solid matter than the flame that is darting up my chimney. I am a sort of electrical phenomenon, more durable but no more substantial than a streak of lightning. I am, as it were, a denser form of electricity than the air I breathe or the flame I watch, but less dense than the chair I sit on or the pencil I hold. I am transparent to the X-ray; and the waves from the broadcasting stations of the radio companies pass through me more easily than the wind through a tennis net. If a disembodied spirit were suddenly to appear to me at this witching hour of night—with the rows of books behind him showing through him as he walked—I could only say: "Well, old dear, you have nothing on me. I'm almost as diaphanous as you are. We're a pair."

I am, then, an organized electrical phenomenon, sitting in a room that is the same, in a house no different, on an earth made up of revolving electrical

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units and itself revolving in a revolving universe of nothing else. There is no longer any so-called matter left for the scientific materialist to rest on. Science has become more mystical than religion. The scientific universe has dissolved into something less substantial than a cloud. It is only electrical force (whatever force is) in motion (whatever motion may be). Beside this conception of our existence and its environment, the orthodox arcana of religion seem like the inventions of unimaginative Hottentots.

WHILE so-called religious people are quarreling about Adam and Eve, and suppressing books about evolution, the scientists are, as it were, discussing how the first electron made its mystic marriage with the first proton and began to produce the universe. While the so-called mystics among us are talking about the miracle that is the soul in the gross material tenement that is the body, the scientists are teaching that the body is as immaterial as any soul that the mind of the mystic has ever imagined. Religion remains coarsely materialistic by comparison. At its most spiritual, it dwells on the mystery of death and the disembodied life of the soul in the hereafter; but the scientist has made the mystery of life more sublime than the resurrection; and he pictures the life we know in terms as spiritual as any that religion has ever used to describe the wonders of heaven.

And suppose I turn from the mysteries of religion to the system of morality which religion has been teaching. If I motor down, from this electrical house on its intangible hillside, to the railroad station in the nearest town, I pass the principal church in the district. Last summer, the pastor had put up, on an announcement-board beside his sacred door, a printed exhortation that read: "The Church Protects Your Property. Support the Church." On that rock, he proposed to found his temple of eternal worship. He had, temporarily at least, deserted "the substance of things hoped for and the evidence of things unseen," in order to argue that he and his religion were doing a necessary police work by making people moral enough to respect your property rights.

Science has been examining his claim, The psychiatrists have been working on it. The first lesson taught in this kind of church is the fear of God. That is the base of all the commandments. But the psychiatrists find that such a fear is a vile depressant. It has a poisonous effect on the health and growth of the young. Under the strain of unrelieved anxiety which the continual fear of God produces, "the endocrine secretions of the body are withheld from their vital office and weakening secretions are poured into the system to lower the vitality and reduce the strength. The process was probably a protective reaction in animals, since it checked the instinct of pugnacity in combat and allowed the inferior animal to cringe and crawl away. It operates obviously in the cowed dog. It effects equally the too-pious child who lives in constant fear of divine punishment. It weakens the body's power to resist disease, and it has probably helped to make true the saying that 'the good die young.' A great deal of insanity, also, has evidently been due to the unendurable pressure of such inescapable dread." From the point of view of the psychiatrist, it would be infinitely better to begin a happy and healthy life with a childhood love and trust in a loving and forgiving God. The churches that have learned this lesson are already growing and prospering; their congregations are notable for their appearance of physical well-being and worldly success; and you need only look at the faces of the devout hell-fire fanatics to see how antisocial and corrosive their teaching is.

THE CHILD taught religiously that it must love and honor its parents is often in as bad a case. The parent may be cruel, unjust, thoughtless or merely too possessive and exacting. Then there is begun in the child a conflict of instinctive love and repressed hatred that is sure to be disastrous. At its mildest, that inner conflict results in what the psychiatrist calls an "ambivalency"—an endless indecision, the inability to make a choice in any alternatives, so that initiative in independent work is quite impossible. Worse than that, happiness in later love is likely to be destroyed, because hatred has become a part of affection and the inner conflict will be projected into the marital relation. Worst of all, the concealed hatred will get its revenge in the disguise of love, and persecute the parent or any later substitute for the parent, with a diabolical and tender venom. It may be even murderous and kill with kindness. To such a child, the psychiatrist would say: "You have a right to hate a parent if the parent is hateful. Don't act on that hatred, but let it into your mind. Don't repress it from your thoughts. Let it drain off in consciousness, and you will find that it will turn from hatred into pity, probably, and do nobody any harm."

SIMILARLY with all the other sins of thought which the canons of religion prohibit. To the psychiatrist, instinctive thoughts must be free. They must be free if they are to be controlled and kept from unconsciously impelling their host to sinful action. Rage, kept repressed into the subconscious levels of the mind, is much more likely to lead to some form of murder than the rage that is given free thought and allowed to drain itself off in a harmless expression of emotion. Moreover, repressed instinctive thoughts produce forms of physical and mental ills that destroy health and happiness and all social efficiency. A soldier who has been taught to repress his instinctive emotion of fear, as base cowardice, will often go blind with what is called shell-shock; that is to say, his subconscious wish to escape from the battlefield will attain its end by means of a neurosis; and by teaching us that we must suppress our instinctive thoughts with shame and self-reproach, the religious moralists have betrayed us all into equivalent forms of moral shell-shock that defeat the ends of morality in a similar way.

To the psychiatrist, a normal and healthy egotism is the backbone of character. Our religionists have been determined to give us all a curvature of that spine. They have preached meekness, humility, the sin of pride and the virtue of resignation. They have produced as their paragons of saintliness the "terrible meek" who crawl humbly about in this world with the expectation of sitting enthroned hereafter—to watch the proud roasting in flames. The ego instincts of a human being cannot be eradicated, no matter how religiously they are repressed; at the height of success, repression achieves only perversion. The mildest in conscious thought are often the most cruel in unconscious action, and the worst savages in civilization have been the most meekly self-justified.

But it is in the treatment of the sexual instinct that our religiosity has done its most perfect work. By placing a supernatural taboo on the strongest impulse of healthy life, we have loaded down our modern day with enough insanities, per-

(Please Turn to Page 476)

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The Trend of Events

Peace and Prohibition

BLESSED, once said some cynic, is the man who expecteth nothing, for he shall not be disappointed. He might have said even more truly, Blessed is the man of whom nothing is expected, for he shall not incur the execration of the disappointed. If that is true, Mr. Hoover has not the chance for blessedness that his predecessor had. When Mr. Coolidge suddenly was thrust into the Presidency little was expected of him, and when he left office for private citizenship he at least left behind him no trail of disappointment. Indeed, if editorial comment in the daily press is a trustworthy gauge, he has risen to an enviable height in public esteem. Mr. Hoover, on the other hand, takes office in the midst of high hopes. He begins his administration, we are told, under "magnificent auspices." If there is anything that needs to be done, Hoover, we are assured, will do it. He is ushering in a "new era." He enters upon his Presidency at a "glorious time." With him a period of quiescence ends and a period of adventure begins. He has formed the habit of achievement. One can almost hear the editors holding their breath. So high have been the hopes expressed by his partisans, within his party and without, that some newspapers are already beginning to issue warnings. According to their views, President Hoover's greatest problem is not going to be prohibition, or farm relief, or the tariff, or any other specific legislative or executive task, but the state of mind in the American people that causes them to look for more from him than from any of his recent predecessors. He is regarded as a miracle worker. That is his misfortune. He will be required by his masters, the people, to do the impossible. To one of his severest foes this seems unreasonable and quite unfair to Mr. Hoover. Here is a handicap from which Mr. Coolidge was free.

And already signs of disappointment are beginning to appear. This super-President should have of course a super-Cabinet. It is not sufficient that there be no conspicuous misfit, like Bryan in the office of Secretary of State, put there in payment of a political debt. It is not sufficient even that the men selected as advisers of the engineer President are men whose ability has been tested. Nothing could have sufficed short of their being supermen. The severest thing that has been said of them is that they are, to use the late Vice-President Marshall's phrase, "first-class second-class men." But one does not have to look for such severity to find signs of disappointment in the press. And yet the consensus is that the Hoover Cabinet if not above the average is well up to it. The fact that most of them have been untried in public office seems to be regarded as evidence of weakness, and yet the fact that two new appointees are experienced in politics seems to be regarded as pull-

Weed in the New York Evening World

"Let us be dry-y-y!"

ing the average down. A super-President, it seems, should have selected men who had been tested in political life without being politicians.

Signs of disappointment are also evident in much of the comment on Mr. Hoover's Inaugural Address. Apparently there was widespread expectation that the super-President would produce a super-document. With few exceptions the newspapers of the country find nothing to condemn in it, little to find fault with, and much to praise; but with equally few exceptions they are not enthusiastic. Those which continue to nurse their expectations of a new era do so either by emphasizing the clarity and directness of the President's statements or by reminding their readers that Mr. Hoover is a man who relies not upon words but upon deeds. It is, they say, not a literary man's production but an engineer's message. And yet it is something more than a blue print. There is in this matter-of-fact Inaugural a tone of almost religious faith, a hope for the future, a profound confidence in the essential wholesomeness of the American people. But with practical unanimity the press acknowledges that Mr. Hoover in this Inaugural has correctly and intelligently interpreted the mandate which he received from the voters.

Two features of the Inaugural have attracted the attention of the press almost to the exclusion of others.

One of these is what Mr. Hoover has said about peace. There seems to be general satisfaction that Mr. Hoover promises to make the United States an effective factor in promoting amicable international relations. Here and there an implacable foe of the World Court regrets that he is willing to reopen the question of the adherence of the United States to that august tribunal of the nations. Here and there a skeptic raises the question whether a man who has abandoned his advocacy of the League of Nations can really lead his country into any other international organization. But on the whole the press evidently believes that Hoover, the peace-lover, the hater of war, the believer in order and law, will find the way to place America where she belongs among the nations that recognize the supremacy of law even over sovereign states. And the opinion prevails that membership in the World Court is attainable without entanglement in the web of international politics.

The other feature that the press selects for special comment is what the new President has said about law enforcement. In fact this is the one feature in his address that appears in press comment to verge upon the sensational. To some it comes as an almost devastating disappointment, to others it comes as an almost exhilarating surprise.

Wet supporters of Mr. Hoover find it hard to conceal their chagrin that their candidate should really seem to wish to have the Eighteenth Amendment observed. They had hoped for an expression of what they believed to be a broader view. They wished that his inquiry into prohibition might be directed to what they regard as the fundamental defects of the prohibition law

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itself. Instead they see in Mr. Hoover's words only an intent to make a repressive law more repressive. They do not think that those who disregard the law because they do not respect it will be inclined now to observe it because of a Presidential appeal. The evil that they see in Prohibition exceeding all evils of inefficient enforcement is that that has been made a crime which great numbers of Americans are not convinced is essentially a crime. They do not believe that any lasting good will come of an investigation that does not investigate the reason why otherwise law-abiding people treat this law with disrespect.

Wet opponents of Mr. Hoover—at least some of them—are less inclined to find fault with his plan. They are disposed to admit that the country in theory at least is predominantly dry. They opposed him because they believed he too was dry; and now that he is in office they respect him for acting on his belief that prohibition deserves success and therefore is entitled to a thorough trial by a reorganized enforcement machine and a revamped judicial system.

Supporters of Mr. Hoover who are supporters also of the prohibition experiment welcome his proposal as announced in his Inaugural as in fact not a narrowing but a broadening of his original plan. They regard the real and fundamental evil to be the disregard of all law and the apparent inadequacy of our present methods of dealing with lawlessness. They say that something fundamental is the matter, when men for the sake of an appetite are willing to tolerate the outlaw that carries on his business by corruption, violence, and even murder. They go further and say that the present lawlessness is not attributable to prohibition but to something more fundamental, and that what is needed is an investigation that will dig deep.

Whether the methods that Mr. Hoover proposes to follow meet with approval or not, there is nothing but approval for the principles that he upholds. The response to the President's appeal to the moral sense of the country is all but universally commended. And there is hearty approval for its vigor.

▸▸*Credit Versus Cash*

Colonel Robert W. Stewart suffered a decisive defeat in the Battle of Proxies for the control of the Standard Oil Company of Indiana. The background of this significant struggle was clearly described in Mr. John T. Flynn's article in the Outlook and Independent of February 20. To those who were familiar with the issues and with the strength of the opposing forces, the outcome was hardly a surprise.

The Rockefeller interests had been issuing assurances that they would win with a growing air of confidence and when the battle broke it was disclosed that out of 8,465,000 odd shares represented in person or by proxy at the meeting, Mr. Winthrop W. Aldridge,

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NEW PRESIDENT'S SECRETARIES

Lawrence R. Richey and George Akerson whom President Hoover appointed as his secretaries

head of the Rockefeller proxy committee, was able to vote some 5,310,000.

This decisive majority was only used to remove Colonel Stewart and one other director, Mr. Louis P. Stephens, General Counsel of the Standard Oil Company of Indiana and a recent appointee to the Board. Although John D. Rockefeller was successful in securing the support of the holders of large blocks of the stock of the Standard Oil Company of Indiana, a total of over thirty thousand stockholders voted for Colonel Stewart against fifteen thousand for the Rockefeller slate. Colonel Stewart received practically a unanimous vote from the stockholders who were also employees of the Company.

The ethical factor in the removal of Colonel Stewart was dramatically illustrated by the striking figures in his annual report. This showed that during the past year under his management the Standard Oil Company of Indiana had made a net profit of over 16 per cent on the capital invested and had earned $8.33 a share as against $3.26 a share in the previous year. Money talks. But even these figures did not talk loud enough to drown out the voices of those who were insisting on protecting the good name of American business.

▸▸*Childs Minus Childs*

"Proxy day's" other fight—for control of the Childs Company, which operates a chain of restaurants through the United States—resulted in a decisive defeat for the Childs faction. No such moral principle as colored the Rockefeller-Stewart struggle was at stake, and the battle of votes was chiefly interesting because of the picturesque character of its protagonist—William Childs. Although there was more involved than the upholding of a dietary theory, to the public the struggle revolved chiefly around the predilections of Mr. Childs for filling the menus of his restaurants with vegetable dishes. Last November meats were brought back to the restaurants in greater abundance, but the differences which had arisen between Mr. Childs and other officers of his company culminated late in January in his ousting of his associates and assuming complete personal control. Mr. Childs, however, was unable to muster sufficient strength at the March 7 meeting to support his earlier *coup*, and the opposition was voted back into control. Before the meeting he stated that in the event of defeat he desired to have his name dropped from the restaurants.

▸▸*An American Plan*

One central organization, to take the place of the Reparation Commission and the Agent General for Reparation Payments under the Dawes Plan, is the proposal made to the experts' conference on war damage payments by Owen D. Young. The other members of the experts' committee, of which he is chairman, have accepted Mr. Young's suggestion and ordered their sub-committees to continue their work with a view to

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general recommendations in accordance with it. This step in advance was summarized by a member of the committee as a scheme to treat reparations as an international commercial question in an international way.

The result of creation of such a new body as Mr. Young proposes would be to supersede existing organizations and so to remove the question from the political atmosphere of the end of the World War, to centralize disbursement of German payments and deliveries in kind, to provide machinery for the proposed commercialization of German payments through a reparations loan, and generally to simplify the supervision of payments.

A plan for an international bank to take over the functions of the Agent General was discussed in the committee conferences. The German delegates appeared to be in agreement with it. From Berlin, however, came protests through the Nationalist and Socialist press that such an institution would place Germany under the complete control of international capital. The experts, on their part, indicated a belief that under proper direction this bank might develop into a clearing house of international financial and economic interests such as has never before been known. They described it as a project in world stability.

Said Signor Pirelli, the Italian delegate, "We are building a nice house, but we don't know yet what its dimensions are and we don't know what furniture we are going to put in it."

Men in the street, all over the world, whose destinies may be so vitally affected by the deliberations of the experts in Paris, must wait for the plans of the projected structure to be completed before they can begin to see what its erection might mean to them.

▸▸*World Court Prospects*

While one American, Owen D. Young, was proposing in Paris a new plan for the centralized administration of war damage payments, another in Geneva, Elihu Root, was outlining possible terms for adherence by the United States to the Permanent Court of International Justice at The Hague. Mr. Root carried a tentative written proposal understood to have the approval of President Hoover, Secretary Kellogg, Senators Borah, Swanson, and Walsh, and Col. Henry L. Stimson, on his way home to become Secretary of State.

Briefly, the purport of Mr. Root's proposal is to take the emphasis off the abstract terms of the Senate's reservation against advisory opinions by the Court without consent by the United States in disputes in which the United States claims an interest. Members of the Court rejected this reservation as too vague. Mr. Root now suggests means of defining its terms in application to cases as they arise, through an exchange of views between Washington and Geneva. He further suggests provisions for withdrawal of the United States in the event of failure to reach an agreement.

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LEON TROTSKY—HOMELESS EXILE

The man who helped found the Soviet Republic of Russia is now a homeless, but much supervised, exile in Europe

The League referred the entire proposal to its committee of jurists considering revision of the Statute of the Court—with an expression of "ardent desire" to reach an understanding that would allow the United States to adhere to the Court.

▸▸*The East and the West*

It is not often possible to see ourselves as others see us. But an unstudied glimpse of the customs and tendencies of the Western world as they appear to the Oriental mind and eye is afforded by publication in the "Commonweal" of a letter from an eminent Chinese diplomat, now dead, written from London not much over a year ago to his wife in China.

He does not care much for our high buildings. "Their streets, because of the high buildings, are gloomy and noise-ridden; peaceless with a ceaseless movement. Their architecture, unlike ours, is colorless in its design as in its exterior. There are no colored roofs of golden yellow, saffron tinted, gleaming tiles glittering under heaven's peerless sun."

Neither does he like our furniture that "clingeth unto the straight lines of the wall . . . all seems unimaginative and lifeless."

But outdoors he finds solace and expresses his joy by quoting a saying of Buddha, "A ditch in a field beside the highway will hold in its midst a flowering lily, which spreads far and wide its delightful perfume," and adds, "so are their public parks an oasis of color and calm amid the deepening mass of soot, grimed streets and enshrouded buildings."

The toys of our children, he finds, are copies of commercial and farming implements—carts, tools, engines and so on, not "toys of imagination, as are our Dragon crackers, our whistling pigeons, our spirit rites."

From our Western toys the transition to our women seems natural to our Chinese friend: "The women toy with their garments as doth the Japanese woman with her obi, to create sensations by their costumes. The women dress in Chinese and Japanese silks of many colors, and so wear these that the form of the body appeareth to the eye of all. Thus do the women of the West toy with men."

Equally with women our athletics seem to come in the toy department. Tennis and football are quaintly grouped: "Now these men keep large

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Underwood

GONZALO ESCOBAR
Mexican rebel general

areas of land wherein and whereon they beat the ball around. Sometimes two men play at beating the ball. Sometimes twenty-two men will run around and beat the ball with their feet, and this they call 'exercise.' All these toys cause many to be employed. So I reflected, 'As the birds fight for food, so will man die for money . . .' These Western men pay money for toys, exercise the body, thinking to gain physical strength—forgetting that the body goeth not to heaven."

The temptation to quote is great, but one more excerpt must suffice. "These Westerners ever speak of the golden rule . . . Both Western teachers and governments talk about this and seek that others should so practise this rule that they may increasingly enjoy at those others' expense."

▶▶*War Again in Mexico*

SOMETHING MORE than control of the country is the issue in the new civil war that has broken out in Mexico. On the one side is the temporary administration of President Portes Gil that has come into authority because of the murder of President-elect Obregon; on the other is a group of military chiefs who until lately formed part of the government faction. The administration is attempting to maintain the form of constitutional elections that has been established in Mexico in recent years; its opponents are trying to revert to the system of seizure of authority by force that has prevailed practically since the overthrow of President Diaz. The victory may have considerable significance for the course of events south of the Rio Grande.

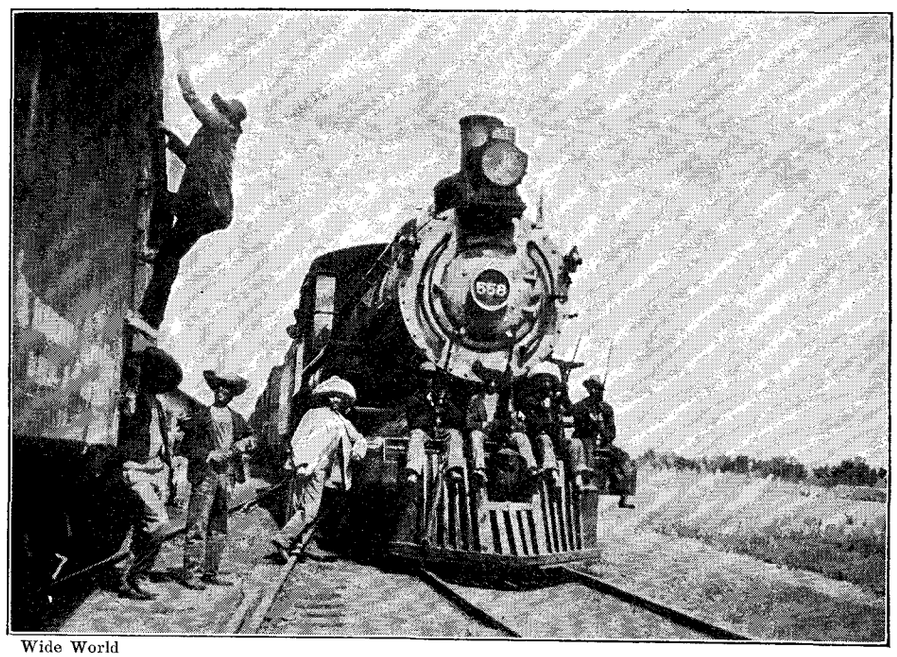
The fight seems to be animated less by a difference of principles than a desire for power. It represents practically a split in the governing party; and thus it might make easier the way of the more fundamental opponents of the system set up by the present Constitution. In Sonora, it is true, the rebel authorities have repealed the religious laws restricting church services; but there is little indication that the rebellion is based on this issue.

The uprising started on March 3 in the Gulf states of Vera Cruz and Oaxaca, under General Aguirre, in the northwestern state of Sonora, under General Manzo, and in the northern state of Coahuila, under General Escobar. It spread to include the northern and central tier of states, Chihuahua, Durango, Sinaloa, Zacatecas, and Jalisco. At the same time it was partly quelled in Vera Cruz, so that the Government was left facing its foes along a broken line across central Mexico at the end of the first week, with its connections with the Gulf ports reëstablished.

In Washington President Hoover, after conferences with Secretary Kellogg and messages from Ambassador Morrow, made the first important decision of foreign policy of his administration by throwing support to the Mexican Government. He continued the embargo on private shipments of arms to the rebels. The State Department revived the embargo on airplanes. Government stores of rifles, ammunition, bombs, and other equipment were opened to the Mexican authorities; and a first order of 10,000 rifles and 10,000,000 rounds of cartridges was started on its way. So the first period ended decidedly in favor of the constitutional forces. As this is written, however, it is still too early to predict the eventual outcome.

▶▶*Wisdom from City Hall*

IT IS NOT often that the president of a Board of Aldermen steps down from his munipical throne to scatter sound advice at the feet of college men. And so when Joseph V. McKee, president of the Board of Aldermen of New York City, addressed Columbia University alumni recently, it was news. The college man, stated Mr. McKee, is directly responsible through his own selfishness for the shameful administration in some of our large cities. Turning his back upon public service. he leaves to "the ignorant and incompetent" the keys to city treasuries with their opportunities for graft. If university men would accept their responsibility in the community, he believes, the competition of their keener and better-trained minds would soon drive the lesser men to other pursuits.



Wide World

SAFEGUARDING TRAIN SERVICE IN MEXICO
Federal troops guarding trains in Jalisco, Mexico, against rebel and bandit attacks

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The function of a great university, he stated, was not to serve as a place where learning might be acquired, but as a center for training people to raise the general level of society.

▶▶Speed!

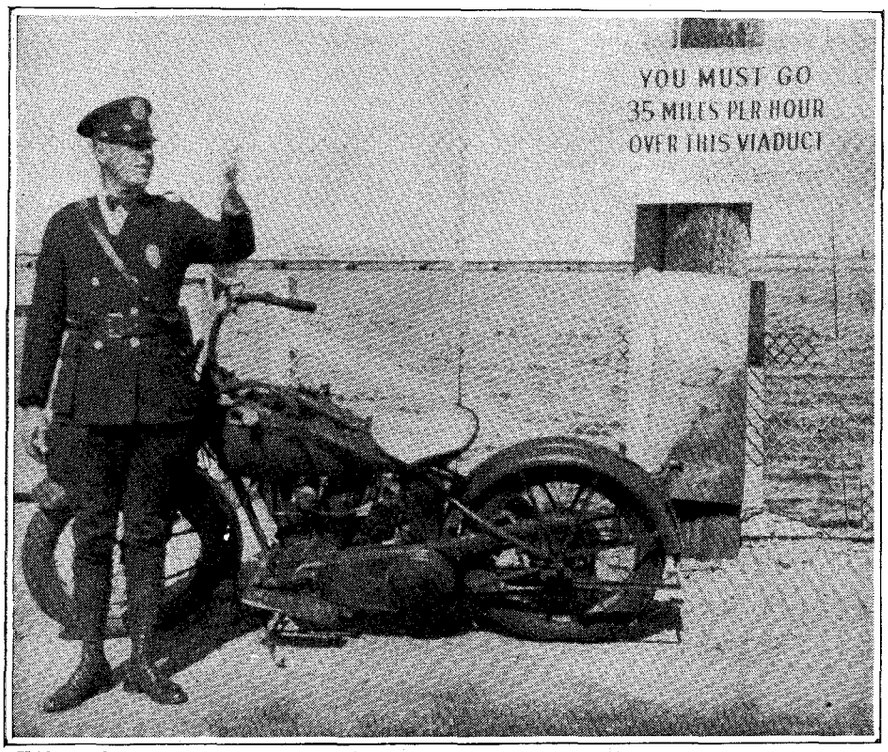
THE PROUD AUTOMOBILIST who boasts that his new roadster will do seventy-five, given a good straight road with no traffic, must look with no small envy upon the record set up by Major H. O. D. Segrave at Daytona Beach, Florida. For the British Major has just doubled on the nine-mile course there at an average speed of 231.36 miles an hour, thereby upsetting the previous record of 207.55 miles an hour established by Ray Keech of Philadelphia last year. To us, this seems quite fast enough. Automobile speed records are still interesting as stunts. But traffic problems upon the Nation's highways make anything approaching Major Segrave's speed of no practical significance. It is to the airways of the world that we must now look for speed.

▶▶No Apology Needed

IT IS GENERALLY AGREED that the cause of the destruction of the battleship Maine in Havana harbor thirty-one years ago will remain forever an unsolved mystery. But a Spanish writer and statesman now reviews in an American magazine one phase of the controversy and shows actual ignorance. He thinks that Spain has forgotten the incident too quickly, and avers that "the United States of America owes Spain an apology for the terrible slander it inflicted on her at the time."

The United States did no such thing. No doubt sensationalists made that charge, and "Remember the Maine" was a popular battle cry. But our Government never asserted that Spain was guilty of the Maine's destruction nor even that Spaniards were guilty—which is quite another thing. The report of our experts did assert that the admitted explosions inside the Maine might have been caused by a submarine explosion outside and offered some evidence as to the latter. This was as far as any official utterance went. As to the slogan "Remember the Maine," not only was it not used by our Government or our ships but a Coast Guard signalman who used it on his own initiative when a transport was passing, was severely reprimanded by telegram the instant the fact was known.

There is a sense in which "Remember the Maine" will not be forgotten. But, as was said in these columns when the project of raising the Maine was discussed, to assert that her destruction was the cause of our war with Spain would be as wrong as to say that the hanging of John Brown caused the Civil War. This country had come to the point when Spain's refusal to accede to our demands that the oppression of Cuba and the resulting injury to us and the world could no longer be tolerated.



Underwood

SPEEDING REQUIRED

Motorists must go at least 35 miles an hour over this viaduct in Miami, Florida, or they are charged with parking

Underwood

MAJOR GENERAL W. C. NEVILLE

Nominated by the President to command the Marine Corps

▶▶Dry Washington

ALTHOUGH OTHER SECTIONS of the country report no change in the prohibition situation, bootleggers in the National capital are said to be indulging in a discretionary period of watchful waiting until they can judge the seriousness of President Hoover's ideas of a dry America. Combined with the Jones Act which increases the maximum penalty for Volstead Act violations, both in jail sentences and fines, many prohibition profiteers have instituted a policy of caution. All of which may be merely a lull in a hitherto thriving business, or it may mark the beginning of a real attempt to make Washington an urban example of aridity to the rest of the Nation.

Meanwhile, Senator Wesley L. Jones of Washington, sponsor of the bill aimed at making prohibition something more than an experiment, expresses himself as well pleased with the reaction to his measure. His five-year jail sentence has frightened bootleggers in and around Washington, he believes, and he

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has no doubt that President Hoover will make this temporary demoralization of the trade permanent. He believes the increased jail sentence to be the most effective aspect of his bill. Although bootleggers accept fines as part of their normal overhead, the prospect of spending five years in jail will give them something to think about, he believes.

▶▶Law Enforcement

THE PRESIDENT in his first meeting with the Washington correspondents departed from the precedent of his predecessor by preparing a written statement in reply to the questions submitted by his interviewers. In this statement the President outlined the purpose of the commission on law enforcement which he will appoint. He wrote:

"The purpose and scope of the law enforcement commission, as stated in my inaugural address, is to critically consider the entire Federal machinery of justice, the redistribution of its functions, the simplification of its procedure, the provision of additional special tribunals, the better selection of juries, the more effective organization of our agencies of investigation and prosecution.

"It is intended to cover the entire question of law enforcement and organization of justice. It will also naturally include consideration of the method of enforcement of the Eighteenth Amendment and abuses which have grown up, together with the enforcement of the laws in respect to narcotics, to immigration, to trade restraint and every other branch of Federal government law enforcement."

Taken at its face value there seems to be little hope that the function of this commission can be stretched into a fundamental survey of the social aspects of prohibition. We believe that the country would have welcomed a fact-finding commission which would draft an impartial study of this whole perplexing problem. At the present time those who discuss the effects of prohibition base their conclusions almost wholely on ex-parte statements of wets and drys. We wish we could have had a commission with no ax to grind except to get at the truth.

▶▶Religious Freedom in Italy

TO ANY who may have wondered how settlement of the quarrel between the Italian Government and the Vatican would affect other religious sects in Italy Mussolini has made answer. Catholicism will, of course, remain the state religion of the country, he decrees, but dissenting faiths will in no wise be hampered in their free development.

The statement came as part of the half-hour's address which the Premier made before the quinquennial assembly of Fascist dignitaries in Rome. In a way, it was a campaign speech, though political forensics are something of an anomaly under the Fascist régime which has simplified electoral problems by having all candidates for public office chosen by the Fascist Party—and there is no other. To be sure, there are still elections. Not that the people are given an opportunity to express dissatisfaction with the present régime if, indeed, they have the inclination. The elections are in reality nothing more than a gesture of ratification in which Italians are given an opportunity to place the stamp of their approval upon the good works of their dictator. One of these elections is just around the corner—on March 24. To generate the proper enthusiasm, Fascist officialdom was assembled from all parts of the land to meet in Rome for what seems to have resembled nothing so much as a college "pep meeting." Mussolini recounted the blessings of the black-shirted era, told how the navy and army had been built up; denied that Italy desired anything but tranquility in her relations with her neighbors, but warned that she must be ready to defend herself against insult—it was all the old, old story, significant only for Il Duce's pronouncement upon free religion.

Interestingly enough, however, during the course of his remarks the Premier relaxed somewhat from his official attitude to reveal "how he does it." His formula is one not unfamiliar to readers of American success magazines. He believes that the secret of his achievement has been his unfailing adherence to the policy of never beginning a task which cannot be finished the same day.

▶▶◀◀

Remarkable Remarks

Moving pictures with their captions have taught millions of brains to work more rapidly.—ARTHUR BRISBANE.

The thirtieth President returns to nothingness not knowing what it was all about.—H. L. MENCKEN.

The advent of women into politics will save this nation.—DR. HUBERT WORK.

The majority of women have comparatively little use for a man who is broke. — ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE.

In these days it is getting so that many women marry men only because of their cash alimony value.—DR. R. C. WILBER.

I do not believe that every word of the Bible is true; I know it.—REV. DR. J. FRANK NORRIS.

I refuse to regard the people of the United States as in any way a holy people.—H. G. WELLS.

A writer who undertakes to lend his talent to the films, how ver briefly, presently finds himself with his artistic pants down.—GEORGE JEAN NATHAN.

Only the old timers like myself have failed to profit in the present-day market.—CHARLES M. SCHWAB.

Over many a clinking glass the general comment was: "That was a fine speech of Hoover's and right to the point too."—WILL ROGERS.

▶▶◀◀

▶▶More Business in the Air

LAST WEEK we mentioned the opening of Los Angeles's pioneer airport for the Western terminus of regular air lines. Plans are now under way to build on the Jersey meadows just outside New York City an aviation terminal far larger and more impressive in the facilities which it will offer to commercial aviation. The site includes 743 acres already purchased and 165 more are under contract. Besides the landing field there will also be a basin for seaplanes, long enough to give them a 3,000-foot run before taking off. The most southerly point of the field is adjacent to the lines of the Pennsylvania Railroad, and arrangements have been made with the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western Railroad for direct connections upon the field, a convenience which, it is hoped, will attract aircraft factories to purchase sites adjacent to the field. It will also make the landing field at least fifteen minutes nearer Manhattan than the nearest airport now in operation.

The New York Air Terminals, Inc., which will operate the port, plans to begin work immediately upon the runways so that the field can be used at the earliest possible moment. Much of the land is marshy at present and considerable

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filling in will be necessary. Dredging will also have to be done for the seaplane basin. All in all, however, officials believe that preparation of the field will require from six to nine months. Before this is completed construction of the various shops, waiting rooms, restaurants, garages, administration buildings and hangars will have been begun.

Business confidence in the future of aviation was recently revealed in the organization of the Aviation Corporation, a $200,000,000 holding and development corporation. While it appears that the chief attraction in the stock of the corporation for the public will be based upon its judicious purchase of the soundest aviation stocks, the company also plans to aid in developing the aviation industry through coordination of regular air line schedules with railroads and shipping lines. Prominent executives in all three branches of the transportation field are represented on the board of directors of the new corporation.

And to remind the public that commercial aviation along regularly established routes is a practical and immediate development rather than a future hope, Colonel Charles A. Lindbergh took his injured arm from a sling in Mexico City on March 9 to fly the first ship over the new air mail line between Mexico City and Brownsville, Texas.

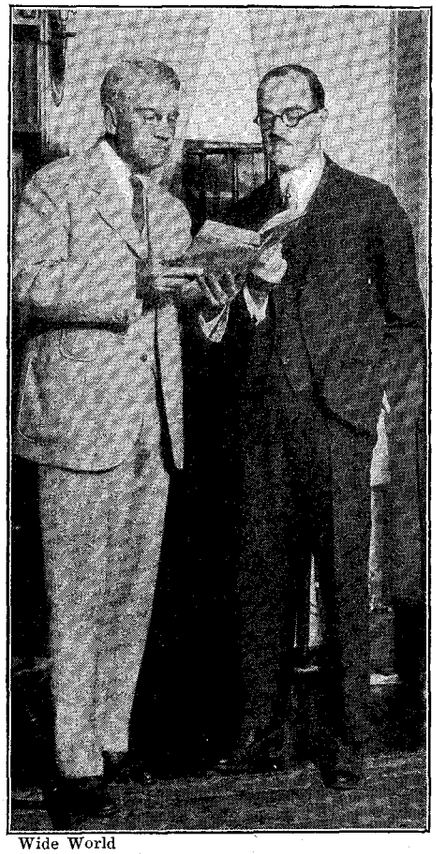
▶▶*Memorial to an Era*

CONNECTICUT'S LEGISLATURE has just taken steps to rescue the Hartford, Admiral Farragut's flagship in the Battle of Mobile Bay, from destruction. If the legislators' plans are successful, the fine old sloop will be taken from her present moorings at Charleston, South Carolina, and brought to New London, Connecticut, as a permanent memorial to one of the great exploits of the American navy. For it was from his position lashed in the main rigging of the Hartford that Admiral Farragut swung the ship into battle with his famous "Damn the torpedoes! Four bells. Captain Drayton, go ahead!"

Although the Hartford was launched in 1856 and came well within the era of steam, she was conditioned before steam had entirely taken the place of sail. Despite her engines, the ship depended mostly upon her sails and was built in the best traditions of the clipper design. Her preservation, therefore, will mean more than a memorial to an historic moment in the Nation's naval annals. It will set up a lasting example of the type of ship which made American sailing vessels the admiration of the world.

▶▶*Edward, Regent*

WITHIN THE NEXT FEW WEEKS the Prince of Wales may find new responsibilities thrust upon him by Parliament. Cabinet members and leaders of the Opposition have all but determined that the grave condition of King George and the approaching crisis of a general election make the Prince's designation as Regent inevitable. For the convalescence of the King is still too uncertain to be counted upon and with the excellent chance that the elections will not return a clear majority for either Conservatives or Laborites, it becomes necessary to place a ruler at the head of the state who can assume responsibility for choosing the next Prime Minister.



Wide World

MR. WILDER PAYS A CALL

Professor William Lyon Phelps and Thornton Wilder at New Haven where the latter recently lectured

Although it is the King who always summons a new Prime Minister, usually the choice is a mere matter of form. With any group possessing a clear majority, the King merely summons the party leader. But when no majority is present, it devolves upon the King himself to make the choice. Naturally his chosen Minister must receive the approval of Parliament and, if a vote of confidence is not forthcoming, new elections must be called.

This year neither Laborites nor Conservatives may possess the necessary preponderance of votes. Presumably elections will be held in May and the Labor Party has been showing such strength in recent by-election contests for single seats as to indicate that the Conservatives may hardly hope for a majority. In such a case, the Liberals will hold the balance of power, and the King—or the Regent—will be called upon to make a real decision.

Physicians are said to feel that King George's condition will hardly be sufficiently improved during the next two months to suffer the strain of making such a decision. In fact, it has been revealed unofficially that the King's convalescence is not progressing as well as had been hoped. The long illness has been too great a strain, and his mental condition is not normal at all times. Under the circumstances, Edward, Prince, will in all probability become Edward, Regent, until such time as the royal physicians declare the King sufficiently recovered to assume once more his duties as head of the state.

▶▶*Finding Coolidge Out*

THE STORY GOES that somewhere on his journey through South America President-elect Hoover was asked, "Have the Marines caught Governor Smith yet?" The story serves to illustrate, at least, the fact that we take for granted an orderly system of succession in office as a commonplace of our American life. But there are dramatic elements even in commonplace things. Many Americans have been deeply moved by the departure of Mr. Coolidge from Washington to take up his private life in one side of a two-family house in Northampton, Massachusetts. It was a natural thing for Calvin Coolidge, an act implying neither apologies, explanations nor affectation.

Mr. Coolidge's first contribution to journalism as a private citizen seems to promise that America will have a chance to become even better acquainted with the personality of this quiet and simple

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figure than it did during the years of his Presidency. If he continues to write as frankly and directly as he has done in his article in the "Cosmopolitan" for April, the Coolidge myth—whatever it may be—will be dispersed and the figure of our ex-President will stand forth clearly and humanly. Mr. Coolidge's article, "On Entering and Leaving the Presidency," tells the story of the Administration of his oath of office by his father. It tells of Mr. Coolidge's doubts concerning his own adequacy and his growth of confidence in himself. Of the time when he assumed the office of President on the death of Harding, Mr. Coolidge writes:

"Had I been chosen for the first place, I could have accepted it only with a great deal of trepidation, but when the events of August, 1923, bestowed upon me the Presidential office, I felt at once that power had been given to me to administer it. This was not any feeling of exclusiveness. While I felt qualified to serve, I was also well aware that there were many others who were better qualified. It would be my province to get the benefit of their opinions and advice. It is a great advantage to a President, and a major source of safety to the country, for him to know that he is not a great man. When a man begins to feel that he is the only one who can lead in this republic, he is guilty of treason to the spirit of our institutions."

Perhaps the most moving passages in Mr. Coolidge's article deal with his religious experiences and the loss that came to him and Mrs. Coolidge in the death of their son, Calvin. Of this tragedy Mr. Coolidge writes:

"When he went the power and the glory of the Presidency went with him.

"The ways of Providence are often beyond our understanding. It seemed to me that the world had need of the work that it was probable he could do.

"I do not know why such a price was exacted for occupying the White House . . . It costs a great deal to be President."

▸▸*Training Niagara Falls*

PRACTICAL PLANS are at last afoot for the preservation of Niagara Falls. A convention between the United States and Great Britain has been signed and awaits the action of each nation's Government. The plan is to build submerged weirs in the river above the falls in such a manner as to divert water from the oversupplied Canadian or Horseshoe Falls to the poorly watered American Falls; also to remove shoals, loose rock and great boulders which have been largely the cause of concentrating the flow of the Horseshoe Falls at one spot which has thus been worn back much more rapidly than its flanks. The cost of this piece of foresight will not be high; the estimate is $1,750,000.

To the physical geologist the trend of Niagara Falls since about two hundred years ago is a good example of what is called "stream capture." The Canadian falls have been capturing the American falls. Since stream erosion is usually increased when stream flow is increased, whichever one of two competing streams gets the lead will increase it at a constantly increasing rate. Left severely alone the Canadian falls would ultimately—say, in a few hundred years—dry up the American falls entirely, their rate of upstream recession being so much greater. Other events, interesting to the geologist, are inevitable only after thousands of years. For example, the hard stratum which causes the falls dips gradually toward Lake Erie. As this stratum wears back, the level of Lake Erie will be depressed many feet. By that time, however, our continent may be in the possession of some other race, so we need not worry that far ahead.

The present problem of the engineer is to save Niagara Falls for the present North Americans. The projected submerged weirs are nothing more than ordinary engineering practice, though somewhat difficult examples. The plan is altogether feasible.

▸▸*Bread and Science*

TWO YEARS AGO a college professor announced that he had discovered a way of making bread that reduced the time, reckoned from the start of the mixing to the taking of the loaf out of the oven, from five hours to fifty-two minutes. This research man—Professor B. W. Dedrick of Pennsylvania State College—states that he has now not only reduced the time to forty-five minutes, by "a secret powder" but that the process furnishes a higher quality of bread, richer in proteins and vitamins. The account adds that the original formula was given freely to all who asked for it, and without charge, and that such requests came from many parts of the world.

Underwood

THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF YORK

It is reported that the Duke will be appointed next Reform Viceroy of India. Just now he is a member of the Council administering the duties of the Crown during King George's illness.

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The economic value of this process is evident, but what the ultimate consumer of bread is most concerned about is the eatibility of the product. Bread baked by wholesale quantities is immensely better than the baker's bread of old, yet it still fails altogether to satisfy people who remember "the bread that mother used to make." If Professor Dedrick can teach the wholesale bakers to give us that, the tedious process of home-made baking of bread, already much on the wane, may disappear altogether.

Back Stage in Washington

"SENATOR WATSON," remarked President Hoover to his erstwhile enemy and detractor, but now the Administration's spokesman in the Senate. "I understand that some Senators do not like my Attorney-General because he is a Democrat. Now they are unfair to Mr. Mitchell. He voted for Hughes, Harding, Coolidge and myself."

"Yes," agreed the agreeable Sunny Jim as he fingered his sparse but prominent pompadour, "if that is so, they are unfair to him."

For a moment the Hoosier statesman ruminated, so the story goes, and then there insinuated itself into his mind an idea so comic that not even his well-trained sense of discretion could prevent him from giving expression to it.

"If that is so," he repeated, half to himself, "he's a better Republican than you are, Mr. President."

Now, we cannot affirm the authenticity of this anecdote, which is the first of many to mark the early days of the new Administration, but it so faithfully reflects the critical spirit which we note among politicians on Capitol Hill that it is truer than truth itself. We have yet to see how such a novel Cabinet under such a new kind of President will work out—so has Mr. Hoover, we suspect—but we understand that the political origins of its members as well as the method of their selection does not commend itself to party promoters. The inclusion of two Democrats, a California academe, a non-political engineer from Chicago and a former Progressive raises anew, we hear, doubts of the depth and effectiveness of the President's Republicanism. We had anticipated, and so had the politicians, that Mr. Hoover would seize this opportunity of Cabinet-choosing to allay these unkind suspicions, whereas they were never more alive and disturbing than at the present moment.

We can recall no President who thought less of party and more of self in choosing his Cabinet. We hasten, however, to explain that we do not mean to imply selfishness of a petty sort in the President. Mr. Hoover, in our opinion, is to be commended for wanting men who would strengthen his Administration, and thereby promote the public welfare, rather than figureheads who would bolster the party by reason of their appeal to certain geographical, political, racial and religious groups. There was, we recall, almost universal expectation that he would move to dissipate the bitter feelings engendered in

Shoemaker in the Chicago Daily News

The perfect shift

the campaign by including a Jew and a Catholic in his official household. Yet, we suggest, that would have been strategy rather than statesmanship.

The politicians do not accept or appreciate this viewpoint, we find. Even those who hold no kindly sentiment toward Colonel William J. Donovan shake their heads at his rejection and the circumstances surrounding it. Northern men lament lest Donovan's exclusion, together with the protracted newspaper discussion of the whys and wherefores, may cost them thousands of votes among the young Colonel's fellow churchmen in National, State and local contests.

We hear that Donovan holds no rancor against "the Chief," but his friends, mad and muddled, make no attempt to conceal their resentment. They think that Mr. Hoover might have been more considerate in his tender of the Secretaryship of War to the man who wanted to be Attorney-General. We understand that after Donovan's declination of the Governor Generalship of the Philippines there was some talk of the War portfolio, but that so soon as the Colonel evinced interest, Mr. Hoover again besought his young friend to try the tropics.

An even more painful puzzle to the political boys, we find, is the failure of the Hoovercrats to obtain ministerial recognition. The more philosophic regret Mr. Hoover's unwillingness to extend political ratification to the development of Southern States in a commercial and industrial way and inform us that it is a serious social and economic mistake, aside from its purely political consequences. The politicians, we discover to our amusement, refer sarcastically to those October days when Senator Borah and Mabel Walker Willebrandt and Hoover himself were assuring the South that it was the mainstay of a dry, law-abiding and anti-Smith civilization.

There was, the Creagers and Slemps and Beans recall, nothing too good for the South in those happy campaign months. Talk was all of the New South, the New Freedom, the New Republican Party, the New Kind of President; these were the slogans capitalized on G.O.P. banners below Mason and Dixon's line. Horace A. Mann abandoned his all-night seat at the famous poker table in the National Press Club to trudge and track the dusty regions hitherto sacred to Democracy. Now, the Southerners mourn, they get for reward only a Hoover-inspired investigation of certain idiosyncrasies which Southern politicians exhibit in doling out Federal postmasterships to the worthy brethren, and gaze upon a Cabinet filled with ten men who do not speak the lazy drawl of the New or Old South.

We cannot but sympathize with them, and yet there may be political irony in their sad fate. It may be that his inquiries at Miami convinced Mr. Hoover that these estimable gentlemen did not contribute so much to his victory in four Southern States as a certain gentleman who answers to the name of Al Smith. Prejudice, rather than politicians, Mr. Hoover my feel, won the South to him rather than the virtues of this Republicanism he embraces so gingerly.

A. F. C.

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A Lesson in Internationalism

By THOMAS H. GAMMACK

EVEN when politicians and newspapers on both sides of the Atlantic have been criticizing each other freely, the relations between American and British financial interests during the last few years have been thoroughly friendly. An announcement by the management of the General Electric Company, Ltd., of Great Britain, however, has caused a good deal of bitterness in Wall Street.

The announcement stated that new stock would be offered to which only British subjects could subscribe. The cabled dispatches have been rather vague as to the terms of the offering but it looks as if the new shares would be available to British stockholders but not to American. This would mean that American holders would be deprived of valuable subscription rights.

The value of these rights depends, of course, on the price at which the stock is offered. The lower the price the greater the loss to American holders. If British share-holders could buy the new issue at a penny, the equity of Americans would be wiped out completely. Nothing as drastic as this is contemplated, of course.

There have been rumors that the new shares would be offered publicly and that present holders would not have any preference in allotments. Such an idea, though, is fantastic. To make the new stock attractive it would be necessary to sell it at a figure below the present market. To allow outsiders the same subscription privileges as present owners would be tantamount to giving away some of the property of the latter.

Another rumor has it that Americans will be able to put their shares in British names and have the same privileges as residents of Great Britain. If this were possible, holders here could easily arrange a technical transfer. It is most unlikely, however, that the General Electric Ltd. directors would allow this. It would make the whole arrangement a meaningless gesture. Presumably, if they persist in what seems to be their present plan, they will make the rights available only to stockholders of record on a date previous to the announcement.

The reason for the discrimination is obvious and the directors make no bones about it. They have said that "they feel it the company's interest to have always a large body of British stockholders."

Last summer Sir Hugo Hirst, chairman of the board, made the following statement:

"It might cause great embarrassment some day if it were found that too big a proportion of the shares are held in non-British hands. I am speaking not from the personal but the national point of view. We therefore propose to watch, so far as we can, the progress of this movement, and should we find that an undue proportion of our shares wanders into foreign possession, it may be necessary to introduce measures by which to keep that movement in check within certain proportions, so that the control at all times should remain with British shareholders residing within the empire."

LAST September General Electric Ltd. restricted voting power to native stockholders. Wall Street was a little irritated by this measure but made no protest because it felt confident in the company's management and was interested rather in sharing the earnings than in participating in the management. It is since then, in fact, that the heaviest American buying has taken place. Ownership of something like 40 per cent of the stock is now supposed to lie on this side of the water. Bernard M. Baruch, Thomas L. Chadbourne, Herbert Bayard Swope, Harry Croft, John J. Raskob and William F. Kenny are among the largest stockholders. Although the General Electric Company of the United States has its own subsidiary in Great Britain, the Thomson-Houston Company, it owns a large proportion of the American shares of the British company which shares its name.

Directors of the Ford Motor Company, Ltd., acting on the advice of Henry Ford, limited its stock issue to British subjects, but most of the shares did not stay long in British hands. Americans bid so vigorously for them that the price increased about four hundred per cent.

A protective committee of American stockholders has been formed to make formal protest against the proposal to deprive foreigners of subscription rights and it is expected that Bernard M. Baruch, who was chairman of the War Industries Board, will be its leader. A formal protest has already been cabled to Sir Hugo Hirst and a copy sent to the Secretary of State. The formal meeting of the company at which the new issue is to be authorized will have taken place by the time this article appears. It will undoubtedly be the scene of a fierce struggle. If remonstrances made by British stockholders on behalf of Americans are unavailing the controversy will go to the courts.

Because of the prominence and influence of the large American stockholders and because of Mr. Baruch's contacts with British banking officials during and after the War, Wall Street is very hopeful that the General Electric Ltd. directors will reverse their position. If they do not, the chances of a successful law suit are considered fairly slim. Lawyers here are fairly well agreed that British companies can block foreign subscriptions to new issues if they want to.

Such measures, though, seem inconsistent with the high standard of ethics that has always prevailed in British business. American investors were encouraged to put their funds into General Electric, Ltd., and they are not in the habit of remembering the warning *caveat emptor* when buying leading British securities. Ambitious American financiers may grumble against the determination of the British to keep the control of their companies in their own hands but their attitude is understandable and cannot provoke charges of bad faith. The same can hardly be said of measures that would deprive foreign stockholders of rights that can be priced in dollars or pounds.

IT WILL BE interesting to see the attitude of Britain's government. Whitehall cannot ignore the implied charges of sharp dealing and, although the Government may not want to see too much economic penetration, it would object certainly to any incident that would hurt the market for British securities in foreign countries.

The internationalism of capital, as even the radicals are beginning to realize, is a bulwark of peace and it is to the interest not only of the financial communities that the present controversy be settled as soon and as amiably as possible.

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Mrs. Brosseau and the D. A. R.

By HELENA HUNTINGTON SMITH

During the past few years the fervent patriotism of the D. A. R. has more than once brought the Daughters' policies into the public eye. Charges that the order has blacklisted prominent and quite innocent personages as dangerous radicals and Reds have been made and refuted. As President General of the society, Mrs. Brosseau has been the storm center of the controversy

THE country has seldom had a heartier laugh than it had last year, on learning that several of its most Republican citizens had been classified as dangerous Reds by the Daughters of the American Revolution. The affair has been quiescent lately, having ended, to all outward appearance, in triumph for the President General, Mrs. Alfred J. Brosseau. Last year the two leading insurgents, Mrs. Helen Tufts Bailie and Mrs. Mary P. MacFarland, were thrown out of the society, and the lesser rebels resigned in shoals. But next month, when the annual Continental Congress meets in Washington, it is all due to flare up again, because the first of the ousted ladies is making the gesture of an appeal for reinstatement. Incidentally, it will focus much public curiosity on the President General.

Mrs. Brosseau entered upon her term of office in 1926. Until that time most people had thought of the Revolutionary daughters as a pleasant lot of ladies who had tea parties and put bronze tablets on houses where Washington once spent the night. I say most people; for long prior to Mrs. Brosseau's advent careful observers had seen the growth of a more aggressive Americanism. As early as 1919, a President General demanded of the world at large: "What kind of an American soul can dwell in the bosom of a man who habitually patronizes a London tailor? What kind of American sentiments can be voiced by one whose breath reeks of garlic?" In that year, too, the Daughters pledged themselves to resist the invasion of anarchism and Bolshevism. But they also endorsed the League of Nations, which proves that their path was not yet plain.

They progressed considerably in 1924, when the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom, one of the first of the interdicted organizations, convened in Washington. Various military and patrioteering notables attended its sessions, and were grimly shocked. They felt that they could not, themselves, attack a group of women—but they could get other women to do it. So a little later there was a gathering of the ladies' patriotic societies, including the D.A.R., and the military gentlemen were invited. The stage was set; the military gentlemen volleyed and thundered, and plans were speedily adopted whereby the D.A.R. and the other patriotic ladies girded themselves against the menace of peace societies and "internationalism"—which means the League, among other things.

WHETHER this same meeting inspired it, I do not know, but the next Continental Congress, in the spring of 1925, created a new arm of the National organization know as the National Defense Committee, the sole function of which was to oppose "the plan for destructive revolution in the United States by 'Red' Internationalists." Under Mrs. Brosseau this committee and its chairman, Mrs. William Sherman Walker, have so enlarged their mission as to fall foul of the headlines. For some time the committee has been distributing quantities of literature to chapters in various parts of the country, describing the dangers of the world revolutionary movement. In the words of one pamphlet prepared for the Daughters' consumption, "Communism, Bolshevism, Socialism, 'Liberalism,' and Ultra-Pacifism all tend to the same end." They are all part of the movement, which aims to destroy the United States Government and institutions, and substitute therefor the abominations of atheism, communal ownership and free love. Aiding the designs of the world revolutionists, either with deliberate malice or as innocent dupes, are such persons as Senator Borah, Mrs. Franklin Roosevelt and Dr. David Starr Jordan, and such organizations as the General Federation of Women's Clubs, the League of Women Voters and the W.C.T.U.

The situation has its serious side. The ladies may have started out merely to ban distasteful doctrines from their own platforms, as their friends assert, but heresy hunters have never been noted for minding their own business, and the Daughters are no exception. Last year a chapter in Orange, New Jersey, attempted to block a speech at the high school by Frederick J. Libby, executive secretary of the National Council for the Prevention of War. Mr. Libby's name was on the D.A.R. blacklist in Massachusetts. Again, in February, 1928, a chapter in Raleigh, North Carolina, tried to prevent Sherwood Eddy from speaking in the town. Literature recommended by the chairman of the National Defense Committee had informed this chapter that Mr. Eddy was unsafe to appear before American audiences—along with Will Durant, Dr. S. Parkes Cadman and Frank Kent.

Over and over the Daughters have been guilty of such attempts to suppress any opinion with which they do not happen to agree. It occurred rather conspicuously in Boston, where D.A.R. members were involved in the attack on Maude Royden. Curiously, these Daughters of Revolutionary sires are becoming one of the strongest influences in the country for the destruction of free speech.

NO ONE dreams of ascribing to Mrs. Brosseau personal responsibility for these preposterous outbreaks. Yet whence comes the impulse? Surely not from the rank and file for they have probably the least initiative in self-government of any organization of women in the United States. They are not even told beforehand what matters will be discussed by their Continental Congress. And the Congress itself—really an annual convention—has a way of passing these measures all but unanimously, in a wave of noble if confused emotion, when they are proposed by the ladies of the High Command. Their spirit is that of a military organization, with Mrs. Brosseau as commander in chief. As one State regent phrased it, in presenting some program or other, they are "loyal soldiers obeying their superior officers."

The President General is a woman of wealth, of a type not unusual in American life, who finds expression for her personality in club work. According to "Who's Who in the Nation's Capital," she is a member of the National Arts Club, the League of American Pen

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Women, the Women's National Republican Club, the Women's Club of Greenwich, Connecticut, the D.A.R., the Daughters of Colonial Wars, the Daughters of Founders and Patriots, the Colonial Daughters of the 17th Century, the National Society of Patriotic Women of America, the Congregational Church, the Red Cross, the Little Mothers Aid Society, the Working Girls' Vacation Society, the Jennie Clarkson Home for Children and the Connecticut Humane Society. It is also stated that she "has done much newspaper work in the past and has written short stories for magazines."

Her appearance is what one somehow comes to look for in women active along these lines. That is, she is a robust woman in middle life, dressed handsomely but without undue subservience to Paris—smiling much in her photographs, and having a conformation of the jaw which denotes strength of mind. Her husband is president of the company which manufactures Mack trucks and a power in various other motor corporations. His political views are in harmony with those of Mrs. Brosseau, and he has made generous gifts to the D.A.R. and to educational institutions —of which more later. They were married thirty years ago and lived for a long time in Michigan, but now make their home in Greenwich, Connecticut, and at 277 Park Avenue, New York, when Mrs. Brosseau is not busy in Washington or at State conferences.

It was almost exactly a year ago that Mrs. Helen Tufts Bailie of Cambridge hurled the charge of "blacklist" against the D.A.R. and, by implication, against their generalissimo. Mrs. Bailie was a liberal interested in the peace movement, and was irritated at hearing it denounced as a machination of the Reds. She announced before the Boston Ethical Society that the D.A.R. was the catspaw in "a tremendous conspiracy to crush free thought, free speech and even liberty itself," and that the State leaders in Massachusetts were circulating defamatory screeds which listed as "doubtful speakers" and "Communists" Bishop William F. Anderson, President Mary E. Woolley of Holyoke, President William Alan Neilson of Smith and others. A few days later she gave copies of the lists to the newspapers.

Not satisfied with this, she got up a "Committee of Protest," together with fifteen other recalcitrant Daughters, and issued a pamphlet called "Our Threatened Heritage." It trod deliberately on the toes of Mrs. Brosseau and Mrs. Walker, charging that they as well as the State officials were in on the blacklisting, that they were "hypnotized" by a certain professional Red-hunter, and that they were under "foreign domination" from outside the society—"a domination which our officers are unable or unwilling to repudiate."

Wide World

MRS. ALFRED J. BROSSEAU
President General of the D. A. R.

This last referred to Mrs. Brosseau's well-known friendship for Fred R. Marvin, director of the Key Men of America, who makes his living by exposing the subversive activities of prominent lawyers, clergymen and Senators. Many of these, by a coincidence, are found also on the D.A.R. blacklists. Mrs. Brosseau justly resented the slap. "*No man or woman,*" she told the members, "during the two years of my administration has dominated me." They are her italics. She also made her celebrated accusation: "Not one of the women of this 'Committee' is known to me personally. Therefore their combined judgment could hardly be said to be reliable."

When the Continental Congress convened the same month, Mrs. Bailie, not being a delegate, looked on from the gallery, while resolutions embodying her criticisms were introduced by a member from Kansas, Mrs. Eleanor St. Omer Roy. Mrs. Roy proposed that chapters be allowed to use their own discretion in inviting speakers, and that important matters of policy be referred to the chapters before the annual Congress or the National officers acted thereon. In a spurt of unfortunate candor, a lady from the District of Columbia rose and denounced resolutions "which, if adopted, would be so paralyzing and destructive to our patriotic work." The Congress, in a state of high earnestness, voted down the Roy proposals by approximately two thousand to ten. Two months later Mrs. Bailie was expelled, for conduct "calculated to disturb the harmony and injure the good name of the National Society."

Meanwhile Mrs. MacFarland had been staging her own rebellion in New Jersey. She was State president of the American Association of University Women,—a blacklisted organization,—and her husband, Dr. Charles S. MacFarland, was prominent in the Federal Council of Churches, which in the Daughters' patriotic prattle was accounted menacing and subversive in the extreme. Mrs. MacFarland in her turn became exasperated. Like Mrs. Bailie she circularized the members, she gave out copies of blacklists—after a vain and stormy correspondence with the President General.

In November she, too, was thrown out of the society. On the subject of reinstatement, her comment is a shrug.

"The Continental Congress can learn the facts and do justice if it so desires," she says. "If it doesn't desire, nothing that I could say would move it."

As to that, she is probably right. They are a curious phenomenon, these Daughters. From time to time, as they listen to the fulminations of "approved" speakers, some of them apparently feel vague gnawings of dissent, but the dissent squeaks and runs under a chair. Such is heredity. After Mrs. MacFar-

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land's expulsion one New Jersey member felt moved to protest. Out of courtesy she notified the chapter regent, at the start of the next meeting, that she planned to say something.

"Oh, I wouldn't!" exclaimed that officer. "Think of the unpleasantness—it might get into the papers!" So the lady didn't. And that was the sum total of insurrection in New Jersey.

SOMETIMES the ladies, in a rose-colored fog, seem hardly to know what they are voting for, except that it is the good, the true and the beautiful. Last spring Mrs. MacFarland attended a chapter meeting, at which the enactments of the recent Congress were submitted—but not to be ratified or rejected. Impious thought! Instead the chair called for "a rising testimonial" to the resolutions. Mrs. MacFarland continued to sit, explaining that she was not, offhand, ready to endorse *en bloc* everything the Congress had done. In consequence she was reprimanded for "refusing to renew her allegiance to the Society!"

With all the to-do last spring over blacklists and what-not, there was much public comment, and among the commentators was Dr. Clarence Cook Little, president of the University of Michigan. A year before, Mr. and Mrs. Brosseau had endowed the university with a $115,000 scholarship fund.

"Through a newspaper report I learn of a recent diatribe of yours against the D.A.R.," wrote Mrs. Brosseau, "part of the attack being based upon an alleged 'blacklist.' Your statements are made upon presumption only, proving conclusively that you do not know what you are talking about. Frankly, I would say that the policies of the D.A.R. are not any of your particular concern. . .

"You state that some of the qualities of the D.A.R. are un-American. Will you pardon me if I remind you of the fact that in certain quarters during the past two years criticism along similar lines has been levelled at you? . . . Last but not least, the National society, D.A.R., does not issue any such list as you condemn, which fact you might have learned had you shown me the courtesy of an inquiry. That would have been quite logical, considering our mutual interests in the University of Michigan, of which you happen at the moment to be President."

Dr. Little replied with suave and unblemished courtesy. This winter he resigned from the presidency of the university, and people are now recalling that Mrs. Brosseau's parting phrase, "at the moment," had an ominous sound.

The public is inclined to judge her by these harsher moods, but the readers of her own D.A.R. magazine see her in a different light. Mrs. Brosseau wearing her presentation robes, in which she greeted George III's successor at the court of St. James; Mrs. Brosseau photographed with Mrs. Coolidge before, during and after the ceremony—all such glimpses show her gracious and benign. So does this extract from a summer issue of the magazine:

"Of all the months in the year Nature offers through June, the most priceless gifts—days of golden sunshine—nights of soft tenderness—the joys of nesting time in bird life, and the loveliness and the exquisite breath of roses."

Concerning that matter of the court presentation there were venomous jibes from the Anglophobes. A truer perspective, however, was that of a Tacoma, Washington, journal, which noted that Mrs. Brosseau's appearance at state functions in her court gown "proves how well the breach is healed between the nations at war in Revolutionary days."

THE DIRE WORD, "blacklist," has always aroused Mrs. Brosseau's deepest ire. Often and vehemently she has denied that the National society, as distinct from State branches, has anything to do with such a list. "The phrase," she says, "has never had a place in our vocabulary."

It seems to be a matter of definition. What is a blacklist? At the hearing last spring which preceded Mrs. Bailie's expulsion, it was brought out that Mrs. Sarah Guernsey, an honorary President General, had explained just how certain proscribed lists of speakers came into being, and why they were sanctioned by the National Board. Mrs. Guernsey, it appears, explained to a Kansas gathering that the chapters had formerly invited speakers who did not meet with the approval of the National Board; that the chapters had explained that they invited well-known people, and could not tell when these would displease the Board; that the Board had not itself prepared an index expurgatorius but had called on some other organization to do so.

In view of this reported utterance by an ex-President General, in view of certain established facts which I am coming to, Mrs. Brosseau's repeated denials are a little puzzling. Not only she, but her loyal Daughters, are roused by the topic of blacklists to such a pitch of emotion that it is hard at times to tell what they are denying and what they are defending. Witness a verbatim report of a speech by Mrs. Brosseau, which I take from the printed proceedings of the last Congress:

"Now in regard to the alleged 'blacklist,' I want to say once and for all that the National Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution issues no such list. (*Applause.*)

". . . I fling the challenge here and now to everybody in the world that I am not responsible for any such list. Further, I say that any State Regent, any State leader, in the Daughters of the American Revolution has a perfect right to advise her chapters who shall come upon their platforms to speak. (*Applause.*)

"I have seen no less than twenty-five different lists issued by twenty-five different organizations. If other organizations reserve the right to advise their members, we certainly have the same privilege. (*Applause.*)

". . . This is my final statement in regard to lists. There is no such word in our vocabulary as 'blacklist', but so long as the leaders of the States wish they may advise for or against speakers to appear before the organization."

IN MOST of her public utterances, as in this one, Mrs. Brosseau's repudiations of a blacklist policy have been circumspectly worded. "An official blacklist" was not "circulated" by National officers; the National society "has never compiled and does not issue" such a list; both statements which Mrs. Brosseau's harshest critics concede are within the bounds of accuracy. In the mood of triumph which followed Mrs. Bailie's expulsion, however, she went further, saying, if the newspapers quoted her accurately, that it was "most gratifying to have it established beyond question that no such thing as a blacklist had ever been *authorized* by the National society." (My italics).

Upon reading the last quotation quite a few people raised an eyebrow. What *is* a blacklist? For instance, in 1927 Captain George L. Darte of the Military Order of the World War spoke before the Continental Congress, and his address so pleased this sovereign body of Daughters that they voted to have it printed for circulation.

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"*Protest* against radicals or liberals speaking in your club, schools or churches!" Thus Captain Darte. He gives a long list of people whom he styles "Communistic," including Jane Addams, Oswald Garrison Villard, Rabbi Wise and Mrs. Willard Straight; he gives a list of organizations of alleged similar aims, and a third list of publications printing "red or subversive propaganda," among which are the "Nation," the "New Republic" and the "American Mercury."

Captain Darte is Exhibit A; Exhibit B is from Kansas. Even while the National officers were pooh-poohing the blacklists as a purely local affair in Massachusetts, Mrs. MacFarland was collecting a set of affidavits from the Sunflower State which pointed to a different conclusion.

The Kansas blacklists are almost as famous as the Massachusetts ones on account of poor William Allen White, who was listed as a Socialist when, as he plaintively said, he had been contributing to Republican campaign funds for years. Now the regent of the Emporia chapter swore an affidavit that she had received from one Mrs. Pendleton, the State chairman of National Defense, several lists of "doubtful speakers" and blush-tinted organizations; also a letter which said: "As I did not get the lists of doubtful speakers and organizations interlocking with radical groups in time to distribute them at the State meeting, I am mailing them to you at this time." A second deponent swore that Mrs. Pendleton had told her the National organization of the D.A.R. vouched for the accuracy of the blacklist.

From Michigan comes the same story of blacklists similarly distributed. From other States, so far as I am aware, there is no such detailed evidence, but there are diverting clues. When Mrs. Bailie's charges were first exploded, a Mrs. J. K. Butler, chapter regent, of 28 Lefferts Place, Brooklyn, to an inquisitive gentleman of the press replied: "Yes, indeed, the D.A.R. in New York used a list of subversive propagandists, and she was sure other chapter regents found it as helpful as she did in avoiding dangerous speakers. Mrs. Grand Baldwin, she added, knew "all about the blacklist, because she has it in charge," knowledge which Mrs. Grand Baldwin repudiated. A New Jersey Daughter affirmed; "There is no such thing as a blacklist in New Jersey, but there is a line of demarcation."

There remains that moot question: whence come the blacklists? or the lines of demarcation, or whatever phrase least wounds the Daughters' sensibilities? In Massachusetts this is no longer a secret. The lists were compiled by Mrs. Randolph Frothingham of Boston, who is on the advisory council of Mr. Marvin's Key Men of America, is an officer and director of the Woman Patriot Publishing Company, and is associated with Mrs. Margaret Robinson in the Massachusetts Public Interests League, all enterprises which specialize even more actively than the D.A.R. in resisting the onslaughts of the Reds.

I HAVEN'T the space to go into all the ramifications of the Red-hunting industry, and besides it has been done by Oswald Garrison Villard, in his article, "The Blue Menace," in the October "Harpers." But all the trails lead sooner or later to that eminent witch-burner, Mr. Marvin. Several years ago Mr. Marvin acquired lasting distinction by saying that the defendants in the oil scandals were high-minded patriots, victimized by a "gigantic international conspiracy" to destroy the United States Government. In their behalf he wrote to a friend in Montana asking for "the low down" on Senator Walsh. His chief activity is the issuing of "Daily Data Sheets," which he sells for $6 a year, and which were for a long time a mine of propaganda directed, much of it, at prominent and respected citizens. They have toned down, however, since last summer, when a New Jersey court rendered a verdict of $17,000 against him in a libel suit. The suit was brought by Mme. Rosika Schwimmer, a Hungarian feminist and war-time pacifist, and is now on appeal.

Last fall Mr. Marvin's reputation suffered indirectly from another libel suit. Mrs. Helen Brumley Baldwin, D.A.R., of Boonton, New Jersey, hurled the old accustomed epithets when a local minister, the Rev. William H. Bridge, issued an invitation to a well-known peace speaker. Mr. Bridge's published reply referred to "the lying imputations of Mrs. Baldwin and her customary stunt of labelling anything and anybody she doesn't like as Communists." The lady brought suit for libel and lost, after stating that her authority for such charges was Mr. Marvin. These two episodes seem to have turned Mr. Marvin to his recent more prudent policy.

The connection of all this with the D.A.R., its pamphlets and blacklists, is direct enough. Mrs. Brosseau is on Mr. Marvin's advisory council, along with military gentlemen and employers' representatives, and again and again she has endorsed him, in such glowing terms as these:

"I am perfectly in sympathy with Mr. Fred Marvin and his ideas, as well as

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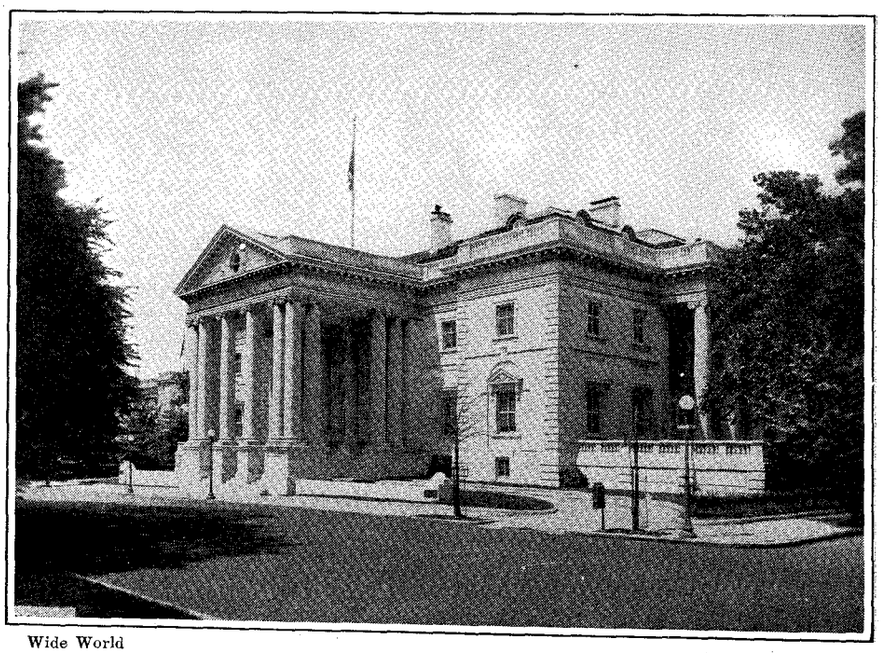

Wide World

MEMORIAL CONTINENTAL HALL
The D. A. R. Building in Washington, D. C.

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Food Is to Eat

By SHEILA HIBBEN

IF FOOD is not primarily and finally to eat, then what is its purpose? Certainly nothing could lend itself less pliably to interior decorating than roast beef or string beans, and the attempt to put inappropriate materials to so exotic a use is the sign of a decadent not a robust civilization. It was in the artificial eighties that somebody—possibly Oscar Wilde—conceived the idea that pineapple and maraschino cherries were somehow decorative; and in consequence the essential function of food was sacrificed to what a disordered imagination regarded as esthetic. The palate surrendered unconditionally to the eye and Chicken à la King, and his wanton consort, the Fruit Salad, reigned supreme in the dining rooms of the land.

Now all of this is not only an unnatural vice; it is distinctly un-American. Behind us there lies a grand heritage of culinary art. The political principles of Jefferson and Lincoln are no nobler than the traditions of American cooking, North and South, of half a century ago. In those days the maraschino cherry had its place in the bottom of a Manhattan cocktail, and kept to it; now the whole gastronomic world seems to be at the mercy of that colorful bit of shoe leather—even sandwiches are not safe from its encroachments. It would seem, then, that it is high time there was some sort of line-up in this country regarding what might be called, for lack of a better name, the Marshmallow Question. There may be those who honestly yearn for a fruit salad topped by a marshmallow, but I have the feeling that the number who yearn is strictly limited, while the vast number of us who *get* the marshmallow, although our yearnings are in quite the opposite direction of a well made corn beef hash, is growing with alarming rapidity. Let it be understood that the marshmallow is only a symbol—something to paint rampant on a banner around which may gather those decadent sponsors of the date salad, watermelon cake, maraschino cherry sandwiches, peanut blanc mange and other standbys of an emasculated cuisine.

IT WILL hardly be denied, I take it, by anybody with a healthy and thwarted desire to set his teeth into honest food that American cooking is on the rocks. The question, then, to be enquired into is: Who or what got it there? Is it the tea rooms that have brought us to this state of national shame, or has a low craving for pear salad throughout the land created the tea-room? Time was when the appearance of a salad with a marshmallow on top in the Waldorf Bar or the Hoffman House would have been greeted with piercing screams; now dates and asparagus tips in shameless propinquity call themselves a salad unrebuked, and peanut butter is served openly in otherwise American homes. It is just the fact that there are no longer such institutions as the Waldorf Bar and the Hoffman House that seems to me significant in the downward course of American culinary art.

WITH the coming of Prohibition, and the consequent closing down of bars and innumerable grills, chefs in this country ceased to cook for men except in private clubs. From that moment were the skids put under our national cooking. For I contend that the male has an appreciation of food that woman has never attained herself and which she has no desire to see counted unto her men friends and acquaintances. What the male wants is corned beef and cabbage, what he jolly well gets is creamed chicken or the vegetable plate; and that because the business of food in this land is left entirely to the ladies. Of course, there is the good old standard myth that all women cook to please their husbands, whereas woman actually cook to please (or amaze) the bridge club. Witness a few menus taken at random from the housekeeping departments of several of our most widely read periodicals.

Luncheons

Fruit cocktail with marshmallow sauce
Creamed green peas with mushrooms
Heart-shaped tea biscuit
Cream cheese with sections of orange and sliced banana
Pistache ice cream Brownies

Pineapple mint cocktail
Grilled mushrooms on toast
Asparagus tips
Four leaf clover rolls
Pumpkin pie with honey and whipped cream

Right here I foresee that at least two readers will leap to their feet with objections. One to point out that almost all physicians and dietitians are agreed that lunch should be extremely light, or abolished altogether; the other to remind me that very few men lunch at home, anyway, thereby making my contention that the down-trodden male is fed on what he doesn't like, untenable.

Be that as it may about lunch. Here are a couple of menus for dinners described as "family," and I think they are by no means unusual examples of suggested menus:

Tongue mousse Saltines
Tomatoes stuffed with apples and whipped cream
Cottage cheese and nut salad
Pineapple jelly Macaroons

Grapefruit coupé with maraschino cherries and angelica
Creamed oysters and green peas
Preserved fig salad
Cornstarch pudding in fancy molds

I submit the question to any impartial jury. Is this food for a husband and father, or are these the creations with which to dazzle the lady on South Main Street who is so unduly complacent over her orchid bathroom and her new chintz slip covers?

The following are also labeled "family dinners" and were dug out of the oblivion where they reposed along with articles on "the new ruffled jabots," "the treatment of plumes on women's hats," and advertisements for switches and straight-front corsets in a woman's magazine for 1910 which corresponds in every way to those furnishing the more modern menus quoted above. I hold no brief for the imagination that conceived the following meals, yet, at that, I maintain that the family was better fed in 1910 than in 1929.

Dinners

Mock turtle soup
Roast beef Boiled rice Green peas
Chicory Salad Wafers
Brown Betty Hard Sauce

Consomme
Roast Chicken Cranberry sauce
Sweet Potatoes Boiled Onions
Floating Island Sponge Cake

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Mind you, I am not making any revolutionary assertions about woman's place not being in the kitchen; but once there, what she needs is directing, and some strong, good men to lead her gently away from her eternal preoccupation with the decorative and esthetic possibilities of food, and back to the fundamental idea that food is to eat. For once that startling hypothesis is admitted, it will be seen clearly that if food is honestly prepared out of the best possible materials, it needs no salted nuts, stuffed olives, bonbons and such like to recommend it. If, on the other hand, the soup comes out of a tin, all the almonds and marrons glacés on earth will not make it taste a whit less like tinned soup, and neither a *Surtout de Sèvres* nor Waterford glass finger-bowls will disguise the fact that the Yorkshire pudding is tough—if it is tough. Let the hostess of moderate means assure herself before she buys one peppermint that her budget will secure the very best in all the materials she requires to prepare her dinner. Let her search her heart to be sure she is not going to have to thin the cream for the soup or skimp on the truffles for the timbales in order to buy that peppermint. Then, if she have no such economy on her conscience, let her go to the smartest shop in town and buy all the sweets she likes. They will not break her meal, but certainly they will never make it.

To emphasize the point that American hostesses give much more consideration to the smartness of their dinners than to their excellence, let me quote from an article that appeared recently in one of our monthly magazines which is received in thousands of American homes and whose rulings are taken as something between a Supreme Court decision and the Word of God by women all over the country:

"The modern hostess reduces the time she must spend to a minimum and takes advantage of every possible resource at her disposal . . . She can simplify the work of her servants by importing a complete and delicious course from outside. She can serve some *specialty of the house* from a restaurant beloved by epicures."

Let that modern hostess stop and consider that the "complete and delicious course from outside" which might well delight the patrons of the "restaurant beloved by epicures" is not going to delight any but the most unsophisticated palates by the time it is transported across town and finally arrives on her table. Indeed, it is to be doubted whether the modern hostess ever intended it for the delight of any inner man. Rather, it is for the expert eyes of her lady guests, who will know in a flash that a fish soufflé looking so exactly like a fish, with marvellous caper eyes and hard boiled egg fins, could be achieved only by Maison Une Telle. Any hostess who plans a dinner with the idea of reducing to a minimum the time she must spend, or of simplifying work, had far better entertain her friends at an afternoon tea or a box party at a matinee. The sacred mysteries of dining are not for her, even though her dining room be done over every year in a new "period" and her refectory table is authentic beyond dispute.

Perhaps, it is only fair in passing to throw a little of the responsibility for this neglect of food in favor of the dining room furniture, upon the interior decorator who has become so formidable an incubus on modern life. Never was there a time when women of all social strata, from Park Avenue to Urbana, Illinois, devoted so much time and money to the decorating of their houses, and never was there a time when they or their husbands or their sons and daughters spent so little time in the home. Doubtless, the psychoanalysts would put down to compensation this emphasis on home-decorating that has replaced home-making, and let it go at that, but to the serious amateur of gastronomy there is a sinister relation between the American woman's overdeveloped interest in *toile de Jouy* and her inability to select sweetbreads; between her authoritative knowledge of an Heppelwhite table and her ignorance of the food that is to be served on it.

It is not only tendencies in American cooking that are being considered with anxiety. Monsieur Paul Reboux has temporarily abandoned fiction to write a revolutionary treatise on modern gastronomy. M. Reboux believes that the evil that is leading French hostesses and chefs away from the narrow path of perfection is over-elaborate menus. He contends that even a formal dinner can and should be composed of one single *plat de resistance,* provided that one dish be "prepared according to the rules of art."

"A menu," continues the same author, "may be compared to a geometrical figure of a triangle with an erect summit. At the base, that which stimulates the palates of the guests; at the top the principal dish. The other slope should bear that which enhances a delightful recollection without obliterating it."

And again: "To nourish one's guests does not mean stuffing them; it is in perfecting dishes, not in multiplying them, that *savoir-vivre* is shown."

As for our own Southern States, no misgivings have yet shaken their complacency regarding the preeminence of their native cooking; but the stranger within their gates finds a sad discrepancy between the Southern cooking of fiction and that of real life. True, if one is not a distinguished visitor there is still the possibility of spending weeks in a Mississippi or Alabama home where the meal hour is a gastronomic delight and where one goes to bed at night with joyful anticipation of what the morrow may bring forth in the way of batter bread, lady peas cooked with salt pork, oyster gumbo, spare ribs or fried shrimps. But let a Southern hostess turn herself loose to give you a dinner party, or what is even nearer the Southern ladies' heart, an evening reception, and you will curse the day you were not born a poor relation! For nowhere else have the Domestic Departments and the Hints to Housewives of our newspapers and periodicals found such easy victims as among the housekeepers of the South, who, half a generation ago, really knew their business. In these days, when for thirty-five cents all the world may know what Smart People are eating, it is as easy in Birmingham, Alabama, as it is in New York to substitute asparagus tips for snap beans cooked with bacon, and although the colored cook may rebel at perpetrating a salad of figs stuffed with tinned pineapple and topped with mayonnaise dressing, the hostess herself is perfectly capable of making the dish look quite as elegant as its prototype (in colors) on page 201 of Smart Housekeeping.

Long ago when I was on a youthful visit to New England, I remember with what amazement I observed that inviting guests to tea meant having the windows washed, whereas with us in the South it had always meant making a Lady Baltimore cake. The Southern system seemed to me to have all the advantages. But now when one is asked to tea in Mobile or Macon, Georgia, one is as likely as not to be served sand-

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The Leisure Arts

Speaking of Books—The Theatre—The Movies

Samson Agonistes

Dodsworth. By SINCLAIR LEWIS: Harcourt, Brace. Published March 15.

IF SINCLAIR LEWIS lives long enough there should be no type of American whose braveries, frailties and frustrations he will not have investigated and disclosed. Each of his books has come home to a great many readers. "Dodsworth" will do so with painful insistence. It has left us more profoundly depressed than the most hysterical Russian novel. Only once or twice in "Babbitt" has Lewis written anything so sad as this book. In tempo it is slower than his previous work. But, if less strident, only in that is it less American. Whatever one may think of Lewis's creative and literary gifts, one is bound to acknowledge his understanding of the American idiom, character and scene.

Sam Dodsworth, at fifty, is persuaded partly by his restless wife and partly by a recrudescence of his boyhood longing to walk distant roads, to sell his extremely successful and self-created automobile business and go to Europe. Leaving their daughter married and their son at Yale, the Dodsworths proceed to England where the agony of Samuel Dodsworth begins. Sam and Fran, his wife, are upper-class Americans: that is, materially, they are successful, educated, intelligent, useful; spiritually, they are children, requiring coddling and toys. The Sams of America are Samsons, easily shorn of their strength by the shears which the Frans, their brummagem Delilahs, wield. When the Dodsworths were married Sam was a warm-hearted, handsome football player; Fran, a lovely, over-nurtured doll. Sam idealized and had a normal physical appetite for her. Fran had a clinging and a domineering affection for Sam—and not enough children. When Sam, having released his emotions in work and play, woke Fran at two in the morning after poker, he had a simple passion for her. But she having used energies and no emotions on society and good works, needed a scene, and had only anger for him. He turned her into a pretty pet goddess: she turned him into a reliable easy-chair. When he left work, she was no refuge to him, and when she left social occupations, he was no playmate to her. That, and the loneliness of Europe destroyed them both. Fran, ineffectually romantic, slipped into verbal flirtations which eventually had to become more than verbal but which demanded and received no more emotion than a new hat. Sam, with nothing to make him feel big and important, wandered like a lost soul through the most ghastly of Europes, not the homely Europe of the sight-seer but the Europe of social climbing expatriates, shady hangers-on and Europeans alternately patronizing and covetous. He left Fran twice, once to go back to an America that had forgotten him, once to eat lotus with a woman clever enough to nourish his ego with fair words. As each of Fran's affairs collapsed, she called for him and he went to her. Finally, he perceived too plainly the shears she used. He took her home and returned himself to the woman who could make him believe that his shorn head was covered once more with manly curls. But the light of his eyes had been put out. Sometimes, if she tried hard, Edith, mother and nurse, could make him forget Fran for two whole days.

In "Dodsworth," Lewis is lost in the tragedy of his story. He does not patronize his characters, nor is he detached from them. There is frank sentimentality in his pity for Sam, personal vindictiveness in his scorn for Fran. His unfailing observation and facility in the minute reporting of character have peopled his book with authentic types. Every person, every place, every situation is photographically clear. There is no more beauty in "Dodsworth" than in an ordinary newspaper story. There is no subtlety and no irony. It is a mistake to think of Lewis as an ironist. He is the cameraman and producer of the great American movie serial. This instalment is called "Samson Agonistes." And there is a moral. Many of Lewis's critics will complain that he exposes a painful situation and suggests no remedies although they would accept eagerly any symposium of learned opinion on "What is Wrong With American Marriage." But the particular is always more poignant than the general, and Lewis's book opens up a wide field for speculation. Men, here, retain the pioneer dread of spiritual entanglements. Women have not succeeded in adjusting unchanging biological needs to changed economic and cultural conditions. The machine age subjects both men and women to too great nervous and mental strains and offers them too few small emotional outlets. The fierce personal pride of the Nordic demands the "stiff upper lip," the "whistling to keep up courage" which gives a false sense of security. All these things go to make husbands and wives for whom Samson and

The Most Discussed Books

THIS list is compiled from the lists of the ten best-selling volumes sent us by wire by the following book-shops each week:

New York—Brentano's;
Rochester—Scrantoms, Inc.
Cleveland—Korner & Wood;
St. Louis—Scruggs, Vandevoort, & Barney;
Denver—Kendrick Bellamy Company;
Houston—Teolin Pillot Company;
San Francisco—Paul Elder & Co..
Baltimore—Norman, Remington Company;
Kansas City—Emery Bird Thayer;
Atlanta—Miller's Book Store;
Los Angeles—Bullock's;
Chicago—Marshall Field & Co.;
Cincinnati—Stewart Kidd;
Portland, Oregon—J. K. Gill Company.

Fiction

The Bishop Murder Case, by S. S. Van Dine: Scribner. Philo Vance (by the Well-Dressed Man out of Noah Webster) and the long-suffering police solve some mathematical murders. Reviewed Feb. 27.

Mamba's Daughters, by Du Bose Heyward: Doubleday, Doran. A rich melodramatic story, the contrast of old and new Charleston and two memorable negro characters make this an interesting and moving novel. Reviewed Feb. 6.

Joseph and His Brethren, by H. W. Freeman: Holt. Lovers of the great tradition in English fiction should not miss this story of a Sussex farm. Reviewed Jan. 16.

The Case of Sergeant Grischa, by Arnold Zweig: Viking Press. Generally considered the best novel of the war. The story of a Russian prisoner and the lives on which his life impinged.

Expiation by Elizabeth: Doubleday, Doran and Co. This subtle, witty and urbane story of a woman who paid and paid is one of Elizabeth's best. Reviewed Feb. 16.

Non-Fiction

The Art of Thinking, by Abbé Dimnet: Simon and Schuster. A thoughtful Frenchman writes graciously and wisely of a lost art.

Elizabeth and Essex, by Lytton Strachey: Harcourt, Brace. A magnificent historical essay written in precise and living prose. Reviewed Dec. 26.

The Magic Island, by W. B. Seabrook: Harcourt, Brace. We hear that this vivid account of voodoo in Haiti should be taken with a grain of salt. It is lively reading for all that. Reviewed Jan. 9.

The Cradle of the Deep by Joan Lowell: Simon and Schuster. This is an amusing yarn, said to be autobiographical, of a girl brought up on a sailing vessel. Reviewed last week.

Rasputin, by R. Fulop-Miller: Viking Press. The lurid story of the last evil genius of czarist Russia. Reviewed November 14.

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Delilah are prototypes. Obviously they must be thought about for they must be remedied. Somehow Samson must be kept from his agony, the shears taken from Delilah's hands. The man is young and strong and guileless. What if he does lay about him with the jawbone of an ass? He has work to do in the world. And Delilah must remember that, even shorn and blind, Samson pulled the temple down.

FRANCES LAMONT ROBBINS.

The Week's Reading

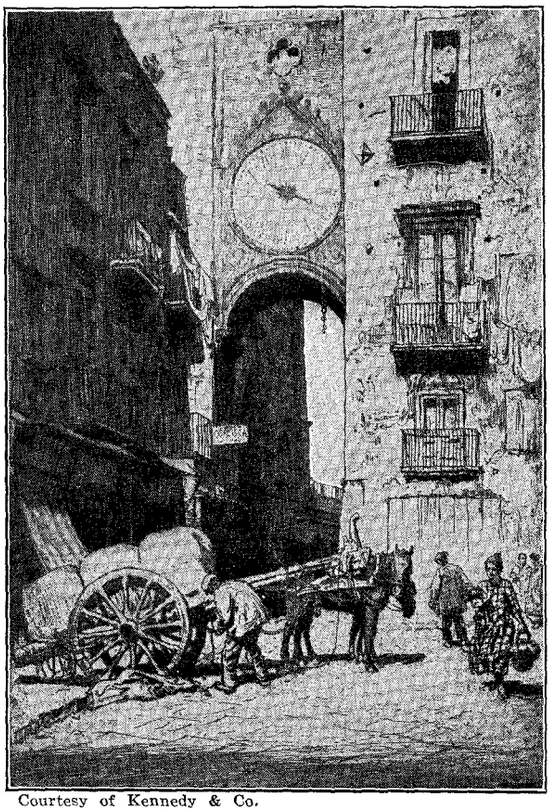
Jungle Gods. By CARL VON HOFFMAN. Edited by EUGENE LOHRKE: Henry Holt. Published March 15.

THE BEAUTIFUL SIMPLICITY of style which distinguished von Hoffman's writing would make even less interesting material valuable as literature. Von Hoffman is a noted ethnologist whose work in Rhodesia has given him material for the stories which he tells in "Jungle Gods," stories about the natives, a few about the white men who go among them, and some from native folklore. He introduces them with a vivid descriptive chapter on the jungle and veldt which are their settings. Von Hoffman's attitude toward the natives is refreshing. He is the temperate observer, neither the sentimentalist who wishes us to emulate the savage nor the sentimentalist who wishes us to remake him in our own image. Apart from their interest as striking stories, tragic, humorous, strange, the tales he tells are also remarkable in that many of them might be told of American negroes. There is Thomas, the Son of God, converted by the Watch Tower Mission and setting out on a startling evangelizing expedition of his own; there is the man called by an unwise friend, Cow Dung, and the spiritual solace which his unseemly name gave him; there is the fiasco of the missionary's attempt to introduce the "manly art of self-defense;" there is the old chief who, seeing himself in a glass for the first time at ninety, was convulsed and delighted by his resemblance to a baboon. Change the setting and incident and these stories reflect the negro character everywhere. "Jungle Gods" is a delightful book, and would be fine to read aloud.

The Evolution of Art. By RUTH DE ROCHEMONT: Macmillan. Published March 15.

A Pot of Paint. By JOHN ROTHENSTEIN: Covici-Friede.

"THE EVOLUTION OF ART" is a superficial and practically useless history of painting. The authoress's interest in her subject is a matter of her own taste, and begins only with Italian Renaissance painting in full flower. The centuries of art which led up to it are slighted, and there is little understanding of the basic principles of the various schools. In dealing with the old masters, the writer accepts the commonly shared judgments of time, tends to confirm mass taste, good or bad; and in treating modern painting, she uses "ugly" and "unimportant" pretty freely to dismiss anything that she does not like or does not understand. A far more useful book, especially for those who are interested in the relation of painting to our society, is "A Pot of Paint." Here intimate biographical sketches of some artists of the nineties are prefaced by a brilliant discussion of the social background which produced them. There is a keen analysis of the breakdown of aristocratic society in the Nineteenth Century and the rise of the wealthy commoner, which resulted in the popular artist who pandered to commonplace taste, and the individualist who refused to do so and became isolated and rebellious. Whistler, Conder, Sickert and Beardsley are among the painters discussed.



Courtesy of Kennedy & Co.

THE FISHMARKET CLOCK, NAPLES

An etching by Lionel Lindsay

Herman Melville. By LEWIS MUMFORD: Harcourt Brace.

IN THE two-score years that have passed since Melville's obscure death in East Twenty-sixth Street, New York, the ill-starred author of "Moby Dick" has profited richly in posthumous glory. That Herman Melville has come to be regarded as "one of the greatest imaginative writers America has produced," is not the most remarkable thing about his immortality. What is remarkable is that he has come to be seen as a solitary and heroic enemy of his age. The forces of progress, jubilant and disorderly, swept over him; he remained alone, a rebellious protagonist of the imagination.

These aspects of Melville's life Mr. Mumford was peculiarly fitted to illuminate in view of his previous essays in American culture. The factual pioneering, for that matter, had been done by Mr. Raymond Weaver in his "Herman Melville: Mystic and Mariner" (1921), a work by which Melville was virtually lifted whole from Limbo. It remained, therefore, for some one to interpret more fully (and with less of Mr. Weaver's commonplace cynicisms), the drama of martyrization by Yankee morality and materialism which composes Melville's career; and this Mr. Mumford has done, in good measure, in the second half of his biography, which is essentially a work of interpretation.

The period of Melville's bitter "retirement" from literature at the age of thirty-seven, and after signal successes and reverses, becomes far more vivid in Mr. Mumford's book. We follow him in his travels to the Orient, and endure with him his long years of obscurity as a Government clerk at a more intimate distance. Melville was fairly vanquished by the circumstances of life; but there is no indication of spiritual sur-

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render in his silence. There is only the personal armistice of death.

He should have played some grandiose part in his time, this hero of ideas, this gargantuan creator of "Moby Dick" to which Mr. Mumford adds his own enthusiastic tribute. That he did not, we must ascribe in part to the character of his early development and education, as a youthful outcast of the sea. For the rest, we must still struggle to understand certain repressions, a certain secret waywardness which, properly considered, might go far to interpret his personal tragedy.

In this direction Mr. Raymond Weaver has already proceeded in his extremely curious Introduction to "The Shorter Novels of Melville" (Liveright, 1928); by the most unmistakable insinuations he goes far toward implying in Melville all the potentialities of an American Oscar Wilde! Even if Mr. Weaver seem arbitrary and over-enthusiastic, his theory has much *vraisemblance*. Truly Melville came ill-timed. Next to our own, only the Elizabethan age would have humored his idiosyncrasies and fittingly encouraged his literary genius.

MATTHEW JOSEPHSON.

The Curious Lottery. By WALTER DURANTY: Coward-McCann. Published March 15.

NO WONDER BOOKS by Russian authors are generally morbid and sordid; that apparently is the soul, the breath of the country. Here is a collection of stories of Russian life written by Walter Duranty, Moscow correspondent of the "New York Times," a practiced and unprejudiced observer, and one has the feeling that they were written by a Russian. All the squalor, the oppression, the sense of the ultimate futility of everything, is discernible in all of these tales. Some are fictionized impressions of "cases" with which the author has come in contact; others are straightforward and dramatic reportorial pieces about actual trials that have made Russian history. They do not cover a wide range of subjects but they do give an accurate picture of conditions in that unhappy country.

MILTON BYRON.

Twelve Bad Men. By SIDNEY DARK: Crowell. Published March 15.

ON OPENING this book we discovered Louis XI first on the list, and feared that Mr. Dark, an excellent and readable compiler of popular historical books and papers, had fallen into the common mistake of thinking that one of the greatest kings of France was a bad man, just because he was a cruel one. However, Mr. Dark uses invisible quotation marks around some of his "bads." His sketches of such men as Cæsar Borgia, Judge Jeffreys, Cromwell (Wolsey's Cromwell) Casanova, Robespierre and others are not important or new, but they are marked by that background of learning which is one of the blessed gifts of English education.

Forthcoming Books

A Native Argosy. By MORLEY CALLAGHAN: Scribner. March 20.

As God Made Them. By GAMALIEL BRADFORD: Houghton, Mifflin. March 21.

St. Paul. By EMILE BAUMANN: Century. March 21.

Cold Steel. By M. P. SHIEL: Vanguard Press. March 21.

John Jacob Astor. By ARTHUR D. HOWDEN SMITH: Lippincott. March 22.

Under the Hill. By AUBREY BEARDSLEY: Dodd, Mead. March 22.

A Lost Commander—Florence Nightingale. By MARY RAYMOND SHIPMAN ANDREWS: Doubleday, Doran. March 22.

And Then Came Ford. By CHARLES MERZ: Doubleday, Doran. March 22.

Garda. By ROSE O'NEILL: Doubleday, Doran. March 22.

The Litany of Washington Street. By VACHEL LINDSAY: Macmillan. March 22.

The Childermass. Parts Two and Three. By WYNDHAM LEWIS: Covici-Friede. March 22.

Slaves of the Gods. By KATHERINE MAYO: Harcourt, Brace. March 23.

Stealing Through Life. By ERNEST BOOTH: Knopf. Published March 15.

IT IS DELIGHTFUL to come upon a hobo's confessional that bears the water-mark of truth as indelibly as this book does. Expertly written and psychologically sound from start to finish, this author's anthology of crime covers the field thoroughly, except, perhaps, for rape and murder. It is not a soppy apologia for a hazardous life spent in robbing society of its valuables. The reading of a single chapter will convince you that a literary jail-bird sentenced to spend the rest of his days at Folson Prison in atoning for these social vagaries may display a more profound knowledge of human behavior than half a dozen Doctor Watsons.

Once having had so little regard for public feeling, Ernest Booth exhibits no desire to mollify it now. It is unlikely that his former contempt for the hypocrisies of organized society, and for those who are entrusted to police it, has decreased one degree.

"We assume that by virtue of being bad we are at least safe from being hypocrites," wrote Robert Frost in his preface to the "Memoirs" of the criminally notorious Stephen Burroughs.

E. M. BENSON.

A Duchess and Her Daughter. By ALFRED BISHOP MASON: Albert and Charles Boni. Published March 15.

ANY STORY of the New Spain of the Eighteenth Century, the land of the Incas, is bound to recall "The Bridge of San Luis Rey," but that does not make the locality out of literary bounds. Mr. Mason has used it in a vivid, economical tale of the lives and deaths of Dolores of Valanzuela and her daughter, Alegra. Orphaned at the age of sixteen, Dolores de Arcetri is installed in the home of the Duke and the then Duchess. This unsatisfactory wife is poisoned by Dolores's maid in time for a hasty marriage with the Duke, before Alegra's birth. Thus Alegra, although the Duke is secretly and dramatically not her father, becomes, after the violent death of the Duke and Dolores, the greatest lady in this crude, rich land. She skilfully eludes suggested alliances, until the arrival of John Winthrop of Salem. Marriage with this heretic incurs the profound enmity of the all-powerful Church. The consequences are tragic, but there is solace in the ending. There is no fantasy here, but a series of pictures crisply drawn with enthusiasm and humor, the equivalent of a quick-moving, racy "costume play."

ELIZABETH ONATIVIA.

The Road to Oregon. By W. J. GHENT: Longmans, Green. Published March 20.

THE "WINNING OF THE WEST" was in a very real sense the winning of America, and when we speak of the winning of America, we are not thinking merely of the empire which the trappers and pioneers added to the American domain.

Out of the raw democracy of camp

(Please Turn to Page 478)

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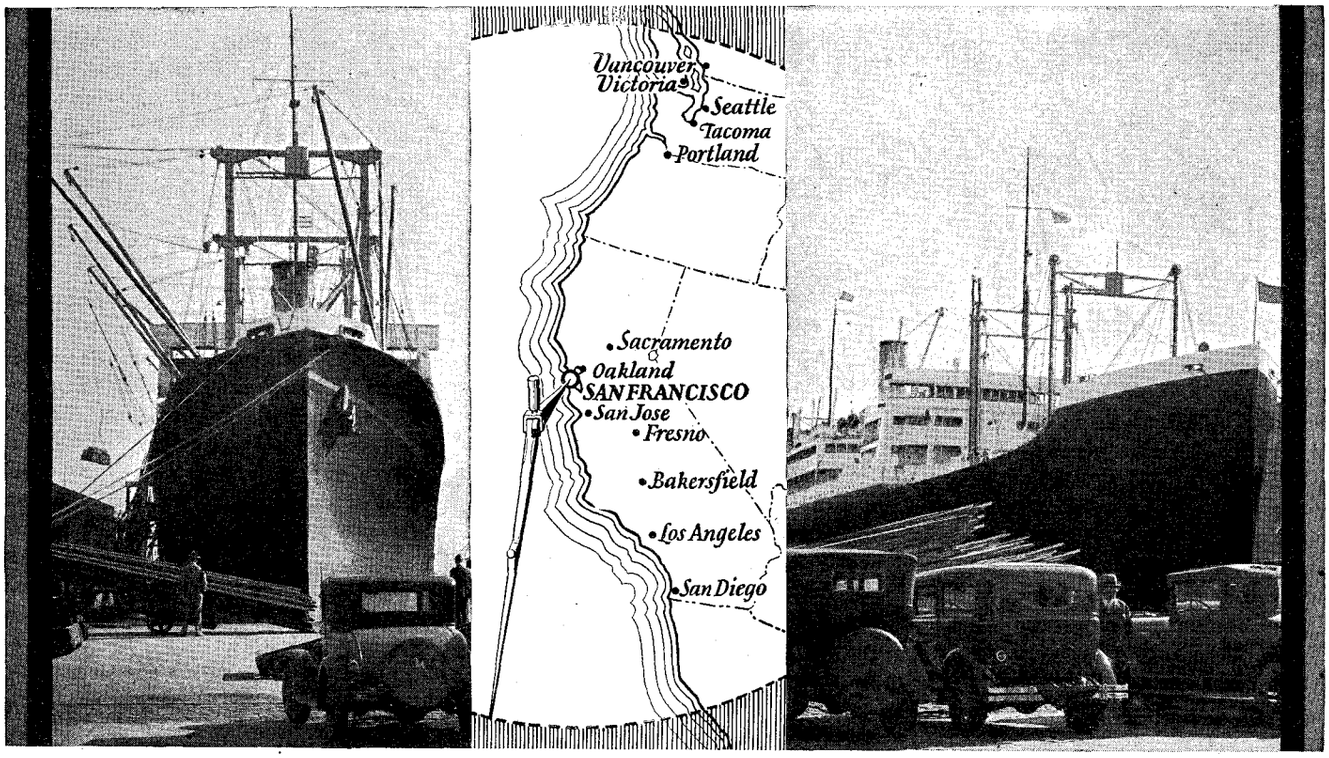
Serve new markets from the center~



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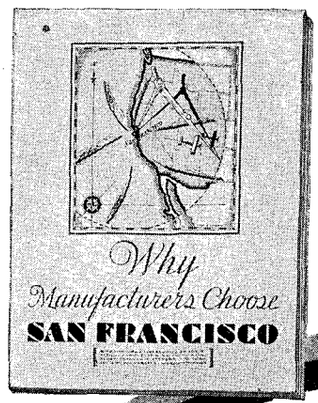

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Readers and Writers

By ERNEST BOYD

"THE principal thing I had in mind," says Mr. C. Hartley Grattan in his preface to "Bitter Bierce" (Doubleday, Doran), "while working on this book was to write as interestingly as possible about Ambrose Bierce. It was my purpose to make him better known and better understood. Unfortunately I soon discovered that there were obstacles in the way of making this a definitive biography. The critical discussion could not, of course, claim to be definitive in any case. The information about Bierce is extremely scanty, and it is very difficult to increase it by writing to people who are alleged to have known Bierce intimately. Most of them, on investigation, turn out to be persons who have met Bierce on some stray occasion, or persons who in conversation have shown a more intimate knowledge of his career than the general, but that is not to say that they know more than the diligent student can discover."

This, it will be admitted, does not sound very encouraging. Bierce disappeared into Mexico in 1914 and his reported death there has never yet been satisfactorily explained. It is evident, from an allusion of Mr. Grattan's, that Bierce's daughter is reluctant to furnish information and will not allow her father's letters to be printed. Bierce himself is quoted as saying: "I never read biographical 'stuff' of other writers—and think it beside the question. Moreover, it is distinctly mischievous to letters. It throws no light on one's work, but on the contrary 'darkens counsel.'" Why, therefore, should Mr. Grattan undertake so ungrateful a task and involve himself in the labors of which this book gives every evidence?

Mr. Grattan appears to believe that Bierce is worth the trouble, while admitting that his position in American letters "is still a matter of debate." His name does not occur in Carl and Mark Van Doren's "American and British Literature Since 1890," but James Whitcomb Riley, Richard Hovey, O. Henry and George Ade are mentioned. Dr. F. L. Pattee's "American Literature Since 1870" dismisses him in seventeen lines of adverse comment, but in a later work on the American short story, Mr. Grattan informs us, Dr. Pattee pronounces "the fairest academic judgment that I know, with the exception of that of Dr. P. H. Boynton in 'More Contemporary Americans.'"

Mr. Grattan declares—and therein he differs from almost all other commentators, friendly or hostile—that "it is a genuine misfortune . . . that most readers are content to stop after reading his war and ghost stories. They are not the whole of Bierce. He was a man of ideas. As a wit and satirist he perhaps outranks every other American writer. He wrote political and social criticism of a high order. He is well worth considering, even, as a literary critic and as a poet . . . The core of Bierce's work is too solid to be entirely eroded by time." And upon that assumption the author has produced a volume which ought to be in every library of American criticism. Here, for the first time, all the available facts about Bierce's life have been collected and sifted, and a comprehensive summary of his work is presented.

FOR MOST of us, I suspect, the core of Bierce's work remains "In the Midst of Life" and "Can Such Things Be?" rather than the twelve volumes of rubbish, for the most part, which were gravely issued to the number of two hundred and fifty sets and failed, even at that, to find purchasers. Mr. Grattan devotes two chapters of analysis to the types of story for which Bierce became known: his Civil War stories and his stories of the supernatural. He is not particularly impressed by them, but is perfectly fair in his exposition. Bierce was obviously not so good as Poe, and he showed the tendency of most short story writers to resort to certain formulae—which explains, I think, why the short story is the least reliable basis upon which to base one's claim to fame. The reputation of such writers turns out in retrospect to have been a passing vogue; they had a trick or two which titillated the public for the moment, until some newcomer ousted them in popular favor. Every one remembers some particular tale, but the work of any given author as a whole is unread or forgotten.

Of Bierce as a thinker, a wit, and a man of ideas Mr. Grattan writes at length and with more enthusiasm. But I confess that his confidence is not infectious, and he himself frequently seems to be acutely aware of the goose-like nature of his swan. Bierce certainly had a rough and cynical sense of humor which may well have seemed heretical and startling in the age of innocence, but it reads very much like average newspaper copy, good journalese of its period. In intellectual content it is about as important as the humor of Bill Nye and company.

MR. GRATTAN refers to Bierce and Mark Twain as "underfed intellectually" and betraying "a lack of culture." That, I think, is painfully evident in his writings, and makes it difficult to accept Mr. Grattan's belief that Bierce was more than a talented short story writer. His journalistic career was not such as to develop his potentialities, but rather to encourage his weaknesses. He was essentially a local journalist, with a talent for turning a phrase which fluttered the parish dovecots. He was, as his biographer says, "frustrated by his environment . . . His frustration came as a result of his inability to achieve an audience sufficiently large and of sufficiently high a quality to bring out the best in him."

Save that Mr. Grattan's faith in Bierce underlies his disarmingly frank analysis of his shortcomings, that analysis will satisfy most of us as the reason why we do not and cannot take Bierce very seriously. He had admirable courage in the expression of his opinions and he was clearly a forceful character. But he was neither a man of letters nor a profound thinker nor even a dangerous rebel. And that is why his place in the history of American literature will be small and disputed. His own advocate has marshalled the evidence against him.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Another book on Ambrose Bierce—"Portrait of Ambrose Bierce," by Adolphe de Castro: Century, has just been published but was received in this office too late for detailed review. It is by a collaborator and life-long friend of Bierce's. It is almost exclusively biographical and therefore complements Hartley Grattan's work successfully. Being rich in data and personal reminiscence, it will be of interest to all admirers of Bierce.

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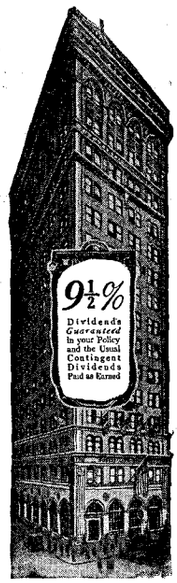

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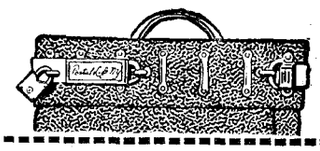

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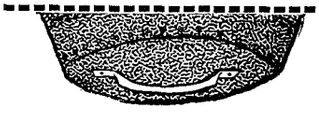

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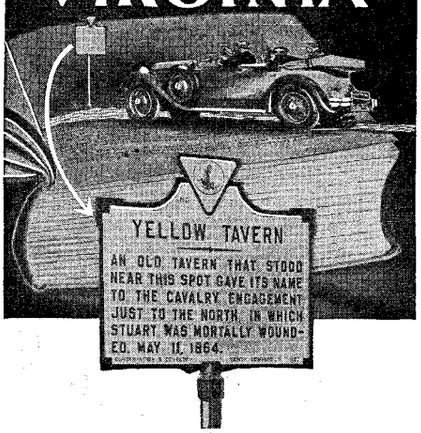
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The Theatre

By FRANCIS R. BELLAMY

MOST PEOPLE, by now, have heard Ruth Draper and her portrayals of character — still called, we believe, through a sort of vaudevillean survival, "monologues." Alone on the stage, with one chair and a table, framed by simple velvet hangings, this most remarkable woman practically peoples the stage hour after hour with all sorts of characters in all kinds of places; induces laughter and tears, suspense and emotion—and ends by giving as true an interpretation of humanity, past and present, as any half dozen of Broadway's ordinary plays could do if they were all presented at once.

*Miss Draper's outstanding talent lies in her perception of the realities which constitute character, and in her ability so to select the differences in these realities that the people, themselves, seem for the moment to be Ruth Draper, and Ruth Draper herself has totally vanished. It is all the more remarkable of course because she is able to do this with the sole aid of different kinds of shawls or wraps. But the unerring perception of character remains after all methods of craftsmanship are dismissed.

To us, the clear proof of the truth and delicacy of her delineations lies in the fact that the closer she approaches portraying people whom you yourself have known, the more true to life her interpretations seem to become. It is a matter of record, for instance, that her portrayal of the modern debutante of the flinging arms and ecstatic poses, and the oh! so serious desire to talk about the deep things of life with an understanding soul (during the intermission between dances) meets with almost tumultuous appreciation at places like Williams College, immediately after the winter house parties; while more mature people are charmed by her portrayal of the woman who is doctor crazy and views her sex solely from the standpoint of operations, diets, scandal, cures and fashionable panaceas for everything from weight to happiness.

So simple a thing as a sketch entitled, "The Italian Lesson" becomes, in her hands, a complete picture of the character and life of a society woman, shown during a single half hour in her boudoir in the morning. Here are evoked servants, friends, husband, children, an infernal dog and even a lover in the background. Managing this extraordinary mélange with incredible executive ability and unruffled poise, the lady herself reads and translates exactly one sentence of Italian. And when the kaleidoscopic monologue is over, the whole first act of a play has taken place before your eyes so vividly that if the curtain rose for the second act and all the people actually appeared, there would be not the slightest necessity for explanation of any sort.

When such talent can range from country women in Maine to Dalmatian peasants in New York hospitals, and can include Spanish beauties, Scotch immigrants, German tourists, Middle Western ladies in search of culture, English fashionables, all so realistically done that they seem to live before your eyes, superlatives are not out of order. Certainly, no play we have seen could either contain the genius of Ruth Draper or give her sufficient scope for her ability. Perhaps, a combination of the talkies and the movies and the theatre might possibly include all these abilities, but even then in our own judgment, there would be something lacking. In fact, here is the human comedy, which Balzac tried to put into many long novels, most simply dramatized before your eyes on a single stage, whereon there is no scenery and even no actors, beyond Miss Draper, herself. One doesn't miss color, music, variety or change of scene. It is all visualized in Miss Draper's imagination and uncannily evoked for her audiences by her mere presence.

If we lived in Rolling Prairie (Kansas or Minnesota or Maine) we would not highly resolve at the first opportunity to get to Broadway and see all the plays which present the different aspects of life as it is today. Instead, we would telegraph Miss Draper to come and put the whole thing before us in a single evening.

**Ruth Draper.* COMEDY THEATRE, New York.

Our Own Choice

PLAYS

Caprice (SIL-VARA). Sophisticated Viennese. comedy.

Little Accident (MITCHELL AND FLOYD DELL). Ultramodern love.

The Perfect Alibi (A. A. MILNE). The perfect detective story.

Street Scene (ELMER RICE). Realism in a brown-stone front.

Strange Interlude (EUGENE O'NEILL). Psychological tragedy.

Serena Blandish (GEORGE BEHRMAN). A society Alice in Wonderland.

Let Us Be Gay (RACHEL CROTHERS). House party entertainment.

WITH MUSIC

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The Movies

By A. M. SHERWOOD, Jr.

"The Lone Wolf's Daughter"

MICHAEL LANYARD is (has been, for years) a gentleman crook who keeps on astonishingly good terms with the police.

How he does it, we can't imagine. For the *gendarmerie* of three continents know perfectly well that Michael Lanyard is The Lone Wolf, who has hoodwinked them through countless novels (by Louis Joseph Vance) and at least three movies.

If we were positively called upon to provide a reason for The Lone Wolf's mysterious stand-in with the bulls, we'd first say that he had them fixed. Our next guess would be that he always keeps a supply of less appealing criminals on hand, whose business it is to take the rap for him. On a third venture, we would hazard the thought that the police lay off The Lone Wolf because he is always played by Bert Lytell.

Bert Lytell is really a charming fellow and any child, or even cop, could see that at heart he's just a great, lovable boy, with a heart of gold beneath his suave exterior. So the officers, loath to pin anything on such a prince of a fellow as Bert, begin looking around for a goat . . . and Bert always has one—or more—ready, if not waiting.

"The Lone Wolf's Daughter" is a nice, comfortable movie of time-tested design—and we liked it. Besides Mr. Lytell the cast includes Robert Elliott (who is always good), Lilyan Tashman (ditto), and Charles Gerrard. As a gang of high-grade crib-crackers they much resemble earlier and, perhaps, cleverer aggregations, but we thought they were fine.

(At this point we feel that we owe it to our readers to admit that, in spite of his fondness for Eggs Benedictine and the word "amazin'" we are secretly just crazy about Philo Vance. So now you know.)

"Geraldine"

THE TALENTED Eddie Quillan appears in this picture, but only to middling advantage. The plot on which his activities are hung is really too slight to hang anything on, except, possibly, an Indian Sign. Opposite him is Marian Nixon, a darned good movie actress, but she, too, is called upon to do the impossible.

The story from which "Geraldine" was made is by Booth Tarkington. One can imagine that it was a pleasant tale, imbued with all the tender acumen of its author. What one can't imagine is, that it grew weaker and weaker as it neared its end and stopped on a dead center, as the picture does.

"Geraldine" is not a bad picture, nor is it worth going more than, say, ten feet out of your way to see.

Preview

FORTHCOMING films around these parts include such widely ballyhooed attractions as "The Letter" by Somerset Maugham and with Jeanne Eagels; "Noah's Ark" with Dolores Costello and George O'Brien; "Sonny Boy" with Davey Lee, the youngster who, climbing upon the knee of Al Jolson, caused that gentleman to affirm that when there were grey skies, he cared little or nothing for grey skies.

There will be "Speakeasy," a Fox talking picture (laid, oddly enough, in New York) and "The Canary Murder Case," with William Powell as Philo Vance. Also imminent is "Lady of the Pavements" with Lupe Velez, and directed by D. W. Griffith.

All these productions will be covered by your correspondent (especially the one with Philo Vance in it) unless something happens to us in the meanwhile. For instance, we might break a leg—*or* the Editor of the Outlook and Independent might happen to read some of the pieces that are continually being written about movie critics—and, *maybe*, believe one.

Our Own Movie Guide

The Broadway Melody: The best all-talkie.

The Iron Mask: Don't miss this fine, romantic picture, in which DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS gives the finest performance of his career.

The Singing Fool: AL JOLSON forging ahead toward the all-time, all-American box-office record.

The Flying Fleet: A really splendid picture, about naval aviation. With RAMON NOVARRO, RALPH GRAVES and ANITA PAGE.

Shopworn Angel: One of the year's outstanding films. NANCY CARROLL is in it, and so are GARY COOPER and PAUL LUKAS.

Sins of the Fathers: EMIL JANNINGS as a rich bootlegger whose liquor blinds his own son. A gaudy plot—but you know Jannings.

The Wolf of Wall Street: GEORGE BANCROFT as a talking actor is something you should hear and see.

Alias Jimmy Valentine: WILLIAM HAINES in a part-talkie. Very popular with some.

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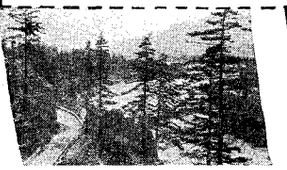
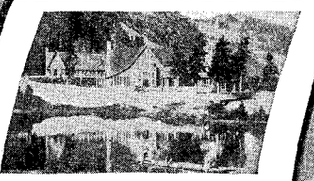


COLUMBIA RIVER HIGHWAY



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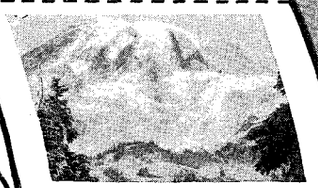

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"North Coast Limited" The Train West! 193

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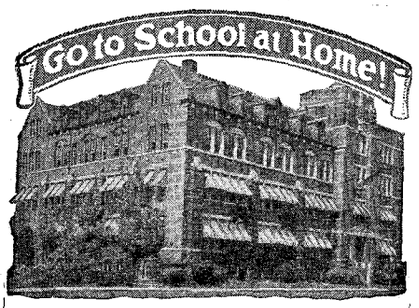

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From the Life

By IBBY HALL

FOR WEEKS and months the streets had been empty of everything save traffic—empty of stars, trees and space—full of noise and stone. But overnight the city was disarmed and bewildered; white and quiet, with every street a bosom of softness and silence. The city was full of snow.

It would not last long. Thousands of boys looked from thousands of windows. For a few hours only, a magic world of sport and adventure had been whirled into existence for them.

One of the thousands looked through his narrow window and turned hurriedly to the wooden stairway and down into the feathery street. The cold air sprang to meet him like a great rough dog. The snow licked at his face and hands, coaxing him to come run with it. The wind whistled past him tickling his ears and whispering things he almost understood. The day was a holiday—Anything might happen. For a moment he blurred his eyes and imagined he was in the country.

Across the street the shadowy mark of house-tops melted mysteriously into the sky-line of a great cliff. Near by the rush and roar of the Elevated became the thunder of a booming surf. He turned quickly in the cold wind and the cliff disappeared. In front of him beyond the floating curtain of snowflakes stretched an endless forest—on and on. There was never any coming out at the other side. The roaring was now a wind rushing through winter trees that tossed above his head. Eyes half closed—one hand clutching the cold barrel of his rifle, the other resting on the lifted head of his faithful companion, his police dog—he plowed his way blindly through swirling drifts along the forest trail. Suddenly there was danger—under his hand the hair on the dog's neck bristled. The animal stiffened and gave a snarl—

The boy opened his eyes. He never had owned a dog. He was tramping along a city street. Above his head was the clank and grind of wheels over elevated tracks. In front of him waited another block of city houses, snug and dingy, unabashed by the snow. Further on, there was a subway station. Well. He had an Aunt in the country didn't he? Well. Almost in the country, anyway. As far as you could go for a nickel.

He plunged his cold hands into his pockets. He dove into the waiting subway entrance. He was swallowed up by a hungry train and rushed on through the bowels of the earth. And after a space of empty staring he was disgorged into the Bronx.

The boy just out of the Subway stood still and wished there were some way of taking a small woods home with him. If he just had a dog even. Why, if he had one with him now—the two of them tramping through the drifts under the black winter branches. They could build a fire here. They could even be lost . . .

From a tree beside him there hung a branch of dead wood. At his feet a rotting branch stuck up awkwardly in the snow. He could have a fire, he guessed, even if he was alone. Anyway, he could as well carry an armful of fire-wood to his Aunt. He broke the twig and pushed through the underbrush in search of others.

Somewhere there was panic . . . a soft scurry back in the underbrush . . . the quick breathing of a frightened animal. A rush—a thud—a ball of fur. It passed him like a small gray cloud bouncing over the snow.

With one leap of his heart the boy was after it. Running—stumbling—hurling himself through the drifts; gaining on it—almost reaching it—scrambling in the snow, and after it again. For he had recognized this creature. There was no mistaking it. It was a puppy—a police puppy. His dog.

At last the boy fell head-long on his prize. He clutched the fur—he held it. The warm hard body struggled in his hands. And then a stab of lightning speared his palm.

"Let go," he said between his teeth. "Let go!" he said roughly, and then with sudden exultancy, "don't you know you're mine?"

HE PRIED the stabbing jaws from his aching hand and muzzled them somehow in his coat. There never was so beautiful a dog. He marvelled over the fur and looked more closely. Was it a dog?

Struggling to his feet with a sharp intake of breath, the boy lifted his eyes to the silent branches overhead. He clutched his prize still more fiercely to his heart. It was wild—it would take taming—but it was his! His hand dropping blood upon the snow, his arms holding tightly to a silver fox, he started running. He was going to take it home.

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Ivory, Apes and Peacocks

By W. R. BROOKS

WE SEE by the papers that the sales person will soon join those other members of society whom modern progress has robbed of their occupations, the ice man and the cab horse. Signs of this change have been visible for some time. We have told you of the automatic soda fountain and the cigar store whose nickel-in-the-slot salesmen grunt a sepulchral "Thank you" as they deliver you the goods. Now comes news that a large store is being planned for New York which will be operated entirely by such steel-boweled automata.

In some respects we shall welcome the change. No more will our timid requests be greeted with an "Oh no, we don't carry those! You might be able to find them in one of the cheaper stores." No robot will keep us waiting while it powders its metal nose. Still, it seems to us a step in the wrong direction. If all the work of the world is to be done eventually by automata, the human race will soon become superfluous. And pleasant, superfluous things, like beer and leisure and tobacco and the human race, have a way of getting abolished. We don't like the idea of that much.

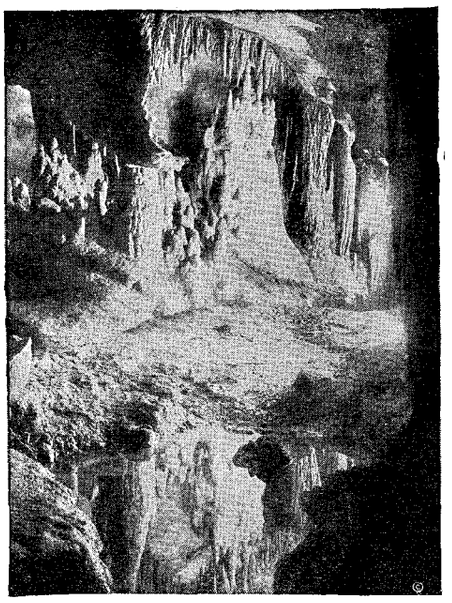
FOR WHAT IT IS WORTH we offer you an ash tray powder which, sprinkled in ash trays, puts out smoldering cigarette ends and kills sparks. It comes in small packages. We've forgotten what it costs, but it isn't very much.

IF YOU HAVE an uncle in Australia or a wife in Reno, and want to know at a given hour in the day just what he or she is doing, there is a clock called the Round the World Clock which gives you the time in various parts of the world. The hour hand covers the name of the zone in which the clock is to be used, and the center dial revolves with the hour hand. Is this clear? Anyway, you see what we mean, don't you?

THE HOMELY but useful radiator which has stood self-consciously about in our homes, trying its best not to get in the way and be a nuisance, and even disguising itself as a cabinet or a console table, has at last slunk out of sight and hidden itself completely. The Herman Nelson Invisible Radiator consists of a cast metal core which acts as a steam container, and a large number of aluminum plates mounted on the core which act as heating units. The whole thing, enclosed in a steel case, is shallow enough to be installed in a partition of ordinary thickness. All you see of it is an opening in the baseboard just above the floor where the air is taken in, and a grille, higher up, which releases the heated air into the room. The grille can be opened or closed to regulate the amount of heat.

VERY SOON you will be able to travel from New York to San Francisco and Los Angeles, sleeping at night in the train and flying by day, in about half the time it now takes you. This transcontinental air service, to be operated by Transcontinental Air Transport, Inc., the Pennsylvania Railroad and the Santa Fe Railway, will be opened this spring. You will go on a sleeper from New York to Columbus, fly from Columbus to Dodge City, Kansas, stopping at St. Louis for luncheon. At Dodge City you will again take a train by night to Las Vegas, New Mexico, and will then fly from Las Vegas to your destination. The planes will be tri-motored Ford planes carrying twelve passengers and a crew of pilot, mechanic and steward. Both mechanic and steward will be capable of flying the ship. The planes will have maximum speed of 135 miles per hour, with a scheduled flying speed of about 100 miles per hour. As a special safety feature, weather reporting stations will be established every fifty miles along the line of flight, so that pilots will be completely informed regarding weather conditions. This service is similar to that now operating between Chicago and Minneapolis and St. Paul, and probably before long there will be any number of these lines operating in the United States. The big advantage of the air-rail idea, of course, is that it provides you with a comfortable night's sleep. That is, unless you are one of those persons who find it impossible to sleep on trains. And even if you are, we think you would be more comfortable lying down in a Pullman berth than sitting upright in a chair. Besides which, of course, spending your nights on a train eliminates the dangers of night flying.

EASTMAN KODAK has got out what it calls its "Vanity Ensemble"—which, in a neat leather case, obtainable in several colors, contains a vest pocket kodak, a mirror, double vanity case and lipstick. Also there's a change pocket in the lid.



Norway

The Land Of The Midnight Sun

offers you the most variegated and remarkable of scenic beauties. Think of the sublime fjords;—glaciers so vast that all others in Europe grow puny by comparison; the marvelous 1200-mile "Inland Sea"; the magnificent "Cathedrals of the Sea"; thousands of thundering waterfalls; the unnumbered, crystalline lakes; gorgeously-colored highland moors; legions of snow-helmeted peaks rising above the loveliest of natural gardens and quaint, flower-bedecked homes;—think only of these, and you get a faint conception of Norway.

But the land of the Vikings offers much, much more: strange, absolutely unique wooden churches—700 to 900 years old, architecturally the direct heirs of the temples of Odin and Tor; actual Viking Ships, 1100 years old; and museums that overflow with splendid, marvelously executed things ranging from the Stone Age to later Medieval Times. And you never dreamed of such wood carvings! And then the unequalled Open Air Museums—different from the ordinary cut-and-dried museum as day from night—really entire settlements of ancient homes in appropriate surroundings and filled with extremely interesting furnishings. Even genuine homes of the types of the windowless Viking Age!

Let us suggest an itinerary, covering all Scandinavia if you wish. We have nothing to sell; all our services are free.

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The New Underworld

(*Continued from Page 446*)

apartment upstairs, he waved a bottle of champagne at the guests and wished them New Year's greetings.

"Pardon my butting in," he said, "but I just thought you'd like to kill this Mumm's with me."

The members of the party did. Before the wine was gone the visitor had satisfied himself about the jewels. They were real. He departed and downstairs the vigil continued. Midnight passed and early morning came. Most of the guests departed. Now the robbers waited for the agreed-upon dramatics. The accomplice engaged his gigolo friend in an argument; soon they were fighting on the floor above. Frightened, the heiress put on her cloak and departed. As she came down the stairs, the three men waited in the darkness. They seized the woman, stripped her of her jewels and escaped. Their loot was $325,000.

Thus does the world of crime encroach on respectability in this age of prohibition. The old lines of demarcation are gone, the old sure-shot measures of pursuit. Criminals have learned to wear dress suits and abandoned their back-alley haunts. They have new avenues of information and new methods of disguise and with increasing defiance they prey upon the towns. The police still swing their night-sticks and march straight in the St. Patrick's Day parades, but they lose ground daily in their war on the underworld.

No half-way measures will solve this problem which must arouse the dread of us all. Deposing of Police Commissioners will not do it, nor reform elections, nor yards of newspaper editorials. The Police Departments must start anew. They must devise fresh methods to meet fresh methods, they must fathom the new alignment of the world of crime, and they must muster into their ranks far more men, and more astute men, than have ever worn brass buttons before.

Life and Religion

(*Continued from Page 449*)

versions, abnormalities, phobias, manias and fanaticisms to sink the world. So many books have been written on the subject that I do not need to go into it here; but if any one despairs of the human race, let him consider the instinctive wisdom with which, for so many generations, man has outwitted his religionists in their determination to make it impossible for him to live.

As Prof. James T. Shotwell long since pointed out in a monograph on religion, civilization has advanced by way of a progressive secularization of its functions—by taking away from its priests one after another of its powers of social control and departments of common well-being. We no longer go to the sacred augurs at their altars for our weather forecasts; we have laymen in our weather bureaus. We do not carry the sick and the insane to church or temple to have the evil spirits exorcised out of them; we go to lay doctors of medicine. Our rulers are neither chosen nor confirmed by any pontifical supporters of the doctrine of divine right; Herbert Hoover will not be anointed by the viceregents of the Supreme Being before he enters the White House; he will be sworn in by the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court. Marriage is no longer solely a church sacrament, and divorce is wholly an affair of lay tribunals. Morality will have to be the next affair of society to be taken out of the hands of the ministers of religion and given to the lay professors to teach. And why not? Morality was not invented in church. Social morality has never had any true place there. The immorality with which religion was originally concerned was only the offense against the god; it has never been as deeply interested in your offense against your neighbor; and it has yet to reprobate with any sternness the strong man's predatory offense against society or to denounce at all the successful conqueror's offense against the human commonwealth of nations. It has always been a true saying that "people are usually better than their religion." Morality has been more enlightened than piety. Our moral ailments cannot be cured by preachers and exorcists any more than our mental and physical ills can be cured.

Our religions have been teaching us that man is a despicable creature, conceived in sin, nurtured in iniquity, long since fallen from grace and living in wretchedness "in this vale of tears," as a punishment for his wickedness. But man is, on the contrary, easily the most impressive work of nature, and in his achievements as powerful as Niagara Falls and as stupendous as the Grand Canyon. In all that we know of the universe, he comes the nearest to his conception of Divinity. The instincts which he has been religiously tabooing are his power plant. The intelligence which he has been piously taught to despise is the instrument with which alone he has charted his course and steered his progress. He may not know where he is, or whither he is bound, but he is on his way. He comes out of mystery; he moves in the midst of mystery; and there is nothing but mystery ahead of his hope. But surely the universe should be proud of him, and he should be proud of himself.

That, at least, is the nowhere that I have arrived at in religion—an abyss of nowhere that has for me the sublimity more uplifting than faith. (And as bottomless as despair.)

Food Is to Eat

(*Continued from Page 465*)

wiches looking like calla lillies and tasting like nothing at all; or almost any other enormity save the peanut butter which, thank God! has not yet laid its devastating blight upon the Southern cookery. Perhaps, after all, they might better have washed the windows, and let it go at that.

Of course no serious discussion of the decadence of American cooking is complete without considering the sinister rôle Prohibition has played in the matter. Certain foods are destined preeminently to be accompanied by certain wines, and when the wines are lacking there is less enthusiasm on the part of the cook in the preparation of the dish, for he knows that his *chef d'œuvre* will never reach its fullest perfection or fulfill its highest destiny on the palate of the pious diner. There is a subtle and harmonious interplay between a partridge smothered in cream and a Chateau Yquem, or a truffle omelette and a Margaux. One has no desire to hurry through such a meal. One lingers with a profound respect over the food and the wine that complement each other with such delicate perfection. No such harmony, on the other hand, ever can exist between the best possible food and a glass of Hoboken Ideal Gin: there is no temptation to lengthen out the meal, turning the glass slowly between forefinger and thumb to inhale the full Jersey bouquet; no chance of forgetting that committee meeting or allowing the chef time to perfect the sweet dish. Gee! It's eight-thirty already! Tell him he can send up those *crêpes Suzette* now or go to the devil!

What with high wages of servants, small families and even smaller apartments, more and more frequently does the cook also wait at table; and yet more and more is the hostess of small means complicating the service of her dinners by ritual and decoration that add in no way to the excellence of food that is to eat. No cook has too much time or too much brains to devote to the preparation of a meal. If she is the waitress, as well, and has to reserve one corner of her mind for the ceremonial of serv-

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ing plates, the sauce is likely to be a flop—and it is the sauce that the guests are to eat (if they can) not the serving plates. Yet it cannot be denied that finger bowls, serving plates and rolled butter are of vastly more importance in most prosperous American homes than the sauce. Of course, if there are plenty of servants, there is no reason why the hostess may not go as far as she likes in such harmless indulgences, but where the cook serves the dinner, even rolling the butter becomes an imposition. If the butter *must* be rolled, let it be the menial work of a waitress or the butler or the mistress of the house. And let him who is without chemical vinegar among the guests cast the first olive stone.

I have a friend who has an interesting theory that no virgin can cook really well. He may be right, but his method of proving his point strikes me as a bit unfair, as he wins either way. When some deep-bosomed mother of a family has created a gorgeous bouillabaisse, he cries triumphantly: "You see!" and when a debutante achieves a perfect omelette he murmurs: "I thought so." But, unpractical as this may be as an every day test, there is a sound idea behind the theory. To cook as an artist there must be experience of life—not of cook books—and a certain fecundity of feeling that cannot be dulled by routine and formula. Cooking, like our Duty Towards God in the Prayer Book, must be done "with all our heart, with all our soul and with all our strength."

Mrs. Brosseau and the D. A. R.

(*Continued from Page 463*)

his particular brand of patriotism . . . I am sure that if he proffered advice it would be listened to with attention, for I think he has the respect of all who know him."

Two years ago Mrs. Walker, the National Defense chairman, wrote to her committee members in all the States urging that they subscribe to Mr. Marvin's sheets, as well as to some similar publications, and to that gentleman himself she declared:

"I feel that the work of the National Defense committee would be half accomplished if our members were receiving and reading your Daily Data Sheets."

Complete documentary evidence is admittedly lacking, but the impression persists in the rebels' minds that Mr. Marvin is the father of the D.A.R. blacklists.

Any one who has glanced through the pamphlets circulated in Kansas and

(*Please Turn to Page 478*)

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Little "Ads"

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Its "Wants" Will Fill Yours

Mrs. Brosseau and the D. A. R.

(*Continued from Page 477*)

Massachusetts finds himself wondering just how the minds of these Daughters work. On the lists of subversive speakers, besides others I have mentioned, are Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont and Alice Paul, damned as "revolutionary feminists;" Carrie Chapman Catt, "internationalist, feminist;" Judge Florence Allen, Zona Gale, Dudley Field Malone, Socialists; Lillian D. Wald, communist. One category I cannot resist quoting:

RADICALS
Glenn Frank
Robert M. LaFollette, Jr.
Judge Ben B. Lindsey

Under "socialist-communist organizations" or "organizations interlocking with radical groups" are the League of Nations Non-Partisan Association, the Foreign Policy Association, the Federal Children's Bureau, the Council of Women for Home Missions, the League for the Abolition of Capital Punishment and the American Birth Control League.

This becomes intelligible only when one knows something more of those astonishing phenomena, the Daughters' policies. A year or two ago, in the heat of irritation, Carrie Chapman Catt was rude to the D.A.R. She called them a case for a psychologist. One deplores such personal reflections, yet it is true that these earnest ladies, their passions and their creeds, exhibit symptoms familiar to all students of the save-the-Nation hysteria.

Why the bosoms of respectable middle-aged women should be so stuffed with bile is really a problem for the psychologist whom Mrs. Catt, by implication, called in. But I can at least touch on the recorded facts of their fears and hates. Their militarism is astounding. Two years ago, in the midst of the agitation to ban the use of poison gas in warfare, they passed a resolution boosting the chemical warfare service. In 1920 they came out for universal military service. They were, of course, among the few elements in the country who took the seventy-one ship navy bill seriously. On the whole it appears that they have not that store of reading and information with which they might check on the strange assertions made to them. For the most part they are women uncontaminated by modernism, a type sheltered not only materially but mentally by the walls of the home. It is an oft-noted paradox that the sheltered people are nearly always the ones who sing the hymns of hate and who cry for plenty of *schrecklichkeit*.

Next month's session of the Continental Congress which sees Mrs. Bailie's gesture will also see the retirement from office of Mrs. Brosseau. I have probably said enough already, however, to show why no great change in D.A.R. policies is anticipated. Unless there is a drastic upset, the next President General will be, as always, the candidate picked by the outgoing administration to succeed it. There is on foot, it is true, a small but spirited movement to create this upheaval and to elect the "opposition" candidate. This, and the parallel attempt to restore Mrs. Bailie, show that the spirit of rebellion is not wholly extinct in the descendants of the original rebels. But judging from the past behavior of the Daughters, it has as much chance of winning their support as Norman Thomas had of winning their votes for President.

Speaking of Books

(*Continued from Page 468*)

and trail sprang both the virtues and the faults of our American spirit. The Western Hegira was a hard school but a thorough one. It taught law and order; it made and broke leaders; it established and strengthened the independence of American character.

That is why so authoritative and readable a book as W. J. Ghent's "The Road to Oregon" is a peculiarly valuable addition to our understanding of American history. Despite Parkman's errors and omissions, his "Oregon Trail," of course, will still continue to survive for its color and its brilliancy. But in every library, on the shelf beside the "Oregon Trail," should be placed a copy of Ghent's more detailed and inclusive report of the lives of those who carved out the road to the Northwest.

The Golden Fleece. By JOHN GUNTHER: Harper. Published March 15.

As NOVELS GO, this one of John Gunther's is not an inconsiderable achievement. In prose style it shows less of the novice than "The Red Pavilion." There still persists the old love for poking fun at his characters; but in "The Golden Fleece" it has matured into an amusingly sly and recreative sense of humor that is the sustaining reward for reading this clever young man's novel.

The story plays a new variation on the modern theme of feminine emancipation, and does it forcefully and convincingly. Joan Tilford is quintessen-

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Speaking of Books

(*Continued from Page 478*)

tial honesty, her strength of decision, and her fairness to others as well as to herself in matters of morals, clear the air of cant and establish the inviolability of her personality.

The one disturbing feature of the book is that there is too much of Mr. Gunther in it. We are conscious of being taken on a personal tour by the author—megaphone in hand. But he is an enjoyable guide whom we should miss having.

E. M. Benson.

The Insider. By Alice Beal Parsons: Dutton. Published March 18.

It is a long jump from a remotely situated Maine fishing town to Washington Square North; but Moira Robertson found no difficulty in acclimating herself to New York. In her isolated youth she had been famous only in the doubtful sense that her mother had been considered mad and her father wicked. Afterwards she came into possession of a legend—as a successful author and an unscrupulous lover. Against her background moved first the reality of A. D. Purdy, and later the mere shadow of the man. But being clever and selfish, she escaped him when he was in love with her, and had no difficulty in forgetting him when he was dying.

Purdy, however, was an "insider." He never regarded himself as a finished product, and for that reason he never developed a definite personality. Until he lay on his deathbed, he never had time to contemplate the outer world or to think over the life that he had led.

This is a novel with a thesis, carefully shown through a series of excellent characterizing episodes, and ultimately failing to prove anything of importance. As a first novel it is a promising piece of work.

J. Dana Tasker.

Picked at Random

By WALTER R. BROOKS

Charles Wertenbaker's Peter the Drunk Horace Liveright

There's so much liquor in this book that we felt slightly stewed ourself after reading it and had to lie down for half an hour. Not very good liquor, at that. Peter just can't let it alone, though, even after he marries Pat. He isn't much interested in work, either, although he does write a book about Poe. But we don't believe it was a very good book, for Peter's power of expression seemed to us very weak. Practically all he ever said to his wife was "You're a good egg." Indeed, all the conversation's rather like that. We suppose Hemingway is responsible. Otherwise—well, the story moves fast, and there's almost no time between drinks, and the description of a group of drunks at New Orleans in Mardi Gras week is really pretty good.

Agatha Christie's The Seven Dials Mystery Dodd, Mead

"She *must*," we exclaimed as we closed the book, "have given us some false leads. It isn't possible, otherwise, to have made us, who have in our time devoured bales of thrillers, suspect every one in the story except the person who really did the murders." And so we went and reread here and there. But she hadn't. She had played fair with us all along the line. So if you like an amusing, exciting, well-written story, with a surprise at the end which has been so cleverly prepared that although you know it's coming you haven't the least suspicion of what it may be, we advise you to read this one. Or any other one by Agatha Christie, for that matter. She always rings the bell.

William K. Gregory's Our Face From Fish to Man Putnam

If you want to know how and from whom you inherited the features which you see each morning in the glass, you will be interested in this book. Each feature is treated separately, and it is a fascinating story that science tells. There are a great many pictures showing the evolution of the face through our remote ancestors—whom we cannot deny, no matter how much we may be ashamed of them. After all, if we are a Son of the American Revolution, we are also a son of a Devonian lobe finned fish, and our features are his features, modified through the millenia. Certainly a more profitable and interesting study in ancestry than genealogy, even though it gives us no coat of arms to emboss upon our note-paper.

Martin Armstrong's All in a Day Harper

A day in the lives of Rosamund and Christopher, who had been married seven years. Why Christopher had stuck it so long we don't understand. Rosamund hadn't cared about him after the first year, and she scarcely ever spoke to him except to nag. The story of this day, which includes all the past, is told with understanding and with some charm, but somehow we feel little sympathy with either of the characters. It would have been so much simpler if Christopher had walked out five years sooner.

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